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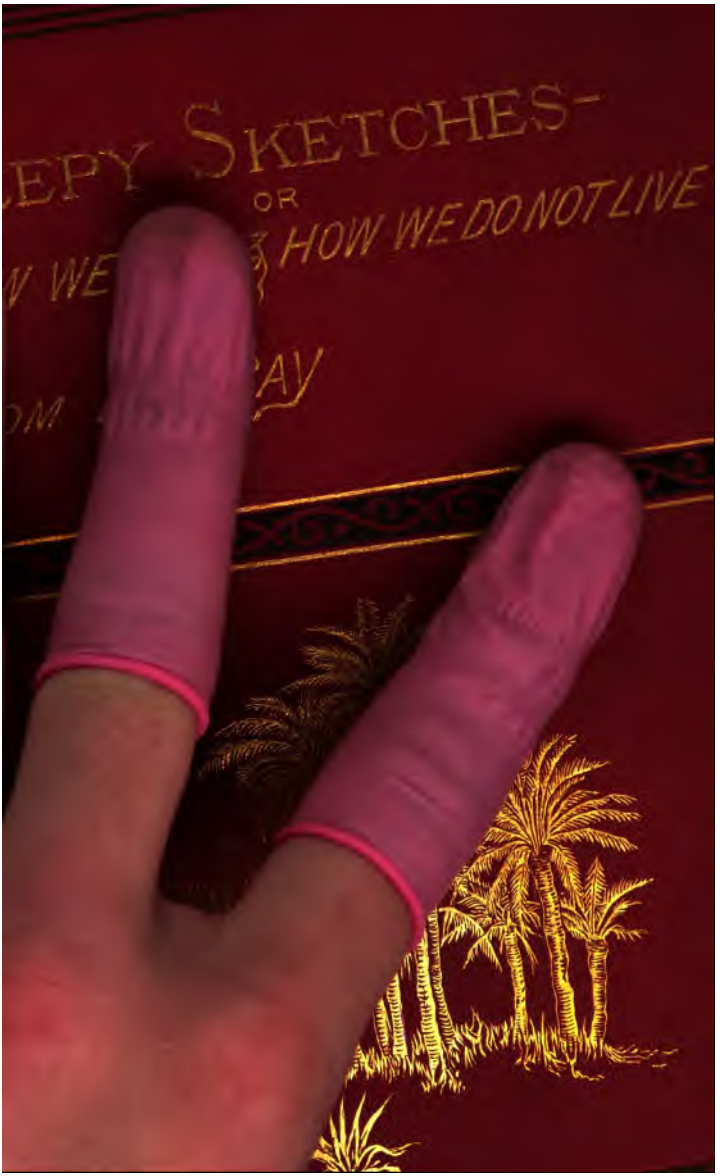
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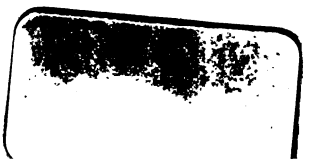

SLEEPY SKETCHES

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

SLEEPY SKETCHES;

OR,

HOW WE LIVE, AND HOW WE DO NOT LIVE

FROM BOMBAY

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1877

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PREFACE.

ENDLESS accounts have been written by Englishmen of their lives passed in India in the jungle, in pursuit of wild beasts; endless accounts have been written of their experience in India by men high in the army or civil service; and no one can visit India for a few months without publishing on his return home a statement of what he considers is the mode of life of both natives and Englishmen in the country. But life in an Indian jungle bears no likeness to life in an Indian presidency town, and the life of a Viceroy or Governor and his little Court—a life passed in constant successful flight from too great

heat—is in no way like that of an ordinary Englishman in India; while he who runs through a country of 250,000,000 of people in a few months, can scarcely be in a position to make statements to be relied on as to the manners and customs of those people, and of Englishmen living in their midst. And so from such writers little can be learned of the life an Englishman, coming out to India, as a merchant, lawyer, or for other ordinary civil work, has to expect, and no book, I think, has been written to show simply what such life is. From this, no doubt, partly arise the false ideas which exist in England as to an Englishman's life in India. It is very commonly imagined that the Englishman in India spends most of his time in hunting and shooting; that he does little real work, is lazy, hard-drinking, and irascible, always in possession of a good income, a tyrant to natives and hated by all, especially native husbands. And even those who have knowledge—deep knowledge of all concerning

India, but knowledge gained from books and mouths, not residence in the country itself, —seem still to consider that the life of an ordinary Englishman in India has no likeness to the ordinary, monotonous, uneventful life of an Englishman in an English town; that it is a life of greater luxury, more changing incident, and less hard work. I think even those holding these last ideas are unjust to us.

I began these sketches under first disappointment on coming to India, when I found it absolutely different to what I had been taught to expect; much more like England in many things, much less like England in many others, and when I was suffering, as all must first suffer, from the unaccustomed heat. But I finished the sketches, almost re-wrote them, when I knew more of the country and had learned to like it. I have tried to show, simply, what is the life a merchant or lawyer coming from England must expect. What I have written

ought to be interesting, for life here, though in many things so much more like life in England than is generally imagined, in others differs most strangely; and if what I have written is uninteresting, my failure may still be of use by inducing, as failures often do, some one else to write with success on the subject, and so, by showing home Englishmen what our life really is, gain for us more sympathy than we now have.

Of all the advantages and disadvantages of life for Englishmen in India, there is one terrible disadvantage which I have not dared to deal with in these sketches. I determined at first, like a coward, to make no reference to it, knowing that all I should write would be hateful to any readers in England. But it is on this that home Englishmen are most unjust to us, and at the last moment I feel bound to write. The disadvantage is this,—constant sadness and burden from living in the midst of a vast people, differing absolutely in thought, habit, and culture from ourselves,

and constant irritation from the injustice done us by home Englishmen, in judging our conduct to this people.

I cannot describe the awful oppression I felt during my first year of residence in India, from the age and changelessness of the country. The face of every native I passed was fixed and infinitely calm, belonging to no time, present, past, or future; every native house seemed to belong to the soil, to have resulted neither from cultivation nor civilization; to be of no time present, past, or future, and in this changelessness alone there was intense oppression. All one's ideas are connected with the convention of time, and in having to judge of things in which time had no part I seemed as a cripple suddenly deprived of his support. But the oppression felt on first coming to India results not only from this. The most comforting belief that men in Europe can now have—a belief that inspires enthusiasm in the young—is in the gradual advance of mankind towards per-

fection in thought and feeling; and the close competition for life, and constant strife of opinion in Europe justifies such a belief. But any one imbued with such belief must on coming to India have it destroyed, or, at least, greatly weakened. The life of the mass in India suggests no such theory; there are not only no signs of advance, but no signs of the possibility of advance. No one living in India, without experience of other countries, could have originated such a belief. And any one imbued with belief in the advance of mankind, as most Englishmen now probably are, must, on coming to India and residing in the country, accept a blow to his belief, the effect of which can never be entirely recovered. This gives a constant source of unhappiness to residents in the country. But beyond all, is the discovery every European must make, that the theory of his childhood, of belief in conscience as suggesting abstract ideas of right, is absolutely false. No man can live a year in India without dis-

covering that his preference for truth over falsehood is a mere prejudice, resulting from education; and that his inability to lie without blushing or other sign of self-consciousness, is an infirmity in no way to be proud of, but simply the result of his having learned to associate the idea of blushing or of shuffling his hands or feet, with the act of lying. Natives of India have no prejudice either in favour of truth or falsehood. It is impossible to tell from change of countenance or speech whether a native is telling the truth or not. I have, more than once, heard it distinctly stated in a court of law, from the bench, that the maxim of English law, *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*, could never be applied to native witnesses here, because it would cut out all evidence. I have heard from the lips of a leading counsel that no native can help mixing truth and falsehood together, even to his own disadvantage. I have heard the naivest stories from natives themselves of their own naive lies; and I

have learnt, after many years in the country, that I must, for my own sake, do as all Europeans are bound to do—not kick a native out of my office when he suggests a dishonourable act or tells me a barefaced lie, but simply pass by the peculiarity and ignore it. And this want of prejudice in favour of truth, runs through the whole character of the natives. I do not say for an instant there are not admirable qualities in them. They are most generous, make excellent use of money they accumulate, and never neglect their relations however remote. But they have not that prejudice which is especially dear to an Englishman, and this forms a terrible bar between them and us. I cannot write at length on this. I will only state that I could substantiate what I have declared, from the mouths of natives themselves. It may seem strange to possible readers in England, but it is a fact that natives themselves acknowledge this want of prejudice, that they distrust their own judges, and that

they look on the custom common to most Englishmen, of telling the truth, as an amiable infirmity of which they are bound to take advantage. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and there are certain natives as honourable and truthful as any European. But the mass, and it is of the mass I write, are not, as a rule, truthful; and not, as a rule, honourable. Is it to be wondered at then, that the English,—and it is the mass, the lower class natives, that the English are most brought in contact with,—should in dealing with these people, shrewd and unscrupulous, occasionally be led to act violently? I do not defend violent conduct, and it is certainly becoming more rare each day; I only argue that it is in most cases provoked by the conduct of natives themselves, and none but those who have experienced it can tell how great such provocation may be.

I want it to be better understood in England what the life of an Englishman in

India is; that he works as hard and lives as moral a life as the Englishman in England, that he is doing good for the world in his condition.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

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SLEEPY SKETCHES.

HOW WE DO AND HOW WE DO NOT LIVE.

THERE is a very general belief, I think, among those who have never left England that the life of Englishmen in India is full of romance, and far less monotonous than life at home. India is held to be a country rich in the extreme, inhabited by a population of handsome, grave, majestic men and beautiful, semi-clothed women; its towns full of magnificent temples; its scenery grander and more awful than any in Europe. And, in this fanciful country Europeans are supposed to pass their time chiefly in the pleasures and dangers of the chase; in

shooting tigers, bears, bison, or other formidable animals; in enjoying the delights of a harem as numerous as that of the Great Turk; in drinking brandy-pani, and occasionally taking part in the suppression of a native revolt. But, to make up for so delightful an existence, Europeans are supposed at the same time to be open to extreme dangers; snakes, whose bite is certain death, overrun the country and possess the houses; fevers rage without ceasing; and liver, dysentery, and ten thousand other diseases are so common, that it is only a question of time when a white man shall succumb to one or the other. Thus India is looked on as a paradise in its physical delights, a hell in its insidious dangers. India is, I think, in fact no such extraordinary a place.

But, apart from this imaginative picture, facts, on their face, seem to show that the career open to men coming to India is most brilliant. The civilian starts with an income

of £500 a-year and a possibility of marrying at once, in that, from his first year, his wife has a contingent interest, vesting on her becoming a widow, in £300 a-year; the assistant to a merchant, again, starts with a like or even larger income, when, in years, he is little more than a boy; and he has in nearly every case, a chance of becoming a partner or at least getting a largely-increased income; the barrister, instead of waiting wearily for ten years in idleness, finds work come at once or after a few years; the solicitor,—solicitors are reticent, and let no outsiders know their good or bad fortune,—it is certain, however, solicitors are constantly retiring from this country to enjoy leisure and wealth at home; and we all know that India is a resort for every army man who wants higher pay.

I can only write of Bombay, as that is the only place I have resided in for any time. But what holds in one great city most probably holds also in others, and the

majority of men coming out reside in the great cities; and I think that the chances of success for a man in India are very much the same as in England, and that the life in India differs in no great measure from life in England.

In judging of life in India the stay-at-home English are influenced almost entirely by the published statements of those who have visited the country for pleasure. And the hard daily work of Europeans and the want of recreation, does not strike the attention of the casual observer. Bombay is not a city of vast factories and numberless tall smoking chimneys; its streets are not full of eager, anxious-looking crowds. The climate necessitates that we should move about in buggies or palkis; that we should work in large, lofty, comfortable rooms; that we should move quietly, with as little physical exertion as possible. This, to those fresh come from English towns, suggests laziness and want of energy. But, in fact, we work

far harder here than men in the same position at home. During the cotton season,—the months before the monsoon,—merchants are in constant labour from the earliest morning till the evening; and during the rest of the year, for a considerable part of the day. And young men are sent out to bear far more personal responsibility than they would have in England, so that there is great anxiety added to the work. But this increased responsibility, besides giving anxiety, gives also, it must be confessed, far greater pleasure and interest in work. Barristers and solicitors, again, work quite as hard as lawyers at home, and law vacations in Bombay are only for one month in May and one in October, eked out by occasional native holidays.

And the reason for this hard work is easily shown. The competition between Europeans and natives is becoming keener every day. Natives, even of position, can live far better on Rs. 100 or Rs. 150 a

month (£120 or £180 a year) than Europeans on Rs. 400 (£480 a year). Thus Europeans are heavily handicapped in the contest. And while the latter are in a foreign country, residence in which is harmful to them and retirement from which is only possible when they have attained wealth; the former are at home, and so content if they can obtain simply enough on which to live from year to year. It is natural, therefore, that Europeans should keep in constant, monotonous labour.

All this excessive labour, too, has to be undergone in an enervating climate. In Bombay, the thermometer never rises much above 93° in the shade, but in Bombay after each hard day's work, little or no force is left for indulging in recreation. To go to the theatre,—when, by extreme chance, there is a performance there,—or to a concert,—when by extreme chance there is a concert,—is looked on by nearly all as an intolerable nuisance. A quiet dinner, and after—sleep,

or a game of whist, is all that most feel capable of. Thus life is hard and monotonous in the extreme. Another cause, too, of this monotony, is the care each man must take of himself to keep in health. Regular hours and regular meals are a necessity for the preservation of health; and carelessness in eating, drinking, or sleeping is invariably attended with danger.

Again, this perpetual work, want of recreation and residence in an enervating climate, makes society itself dull. Those who come to this country have the one end in view of getting money and going away again as soon as possible. Thus knowledge which does not contribute to this end is little cultivated. As to this, I must be understood to refer chiefly to merchants and lawyers, the largest classes of Europeans here. Civilians are in an exceptional position. They are bound to the country for all their working lives; they are, many of them, from the necessities of their work,

month (£40 a year) than Europeans on Rs. 40 (£48 a year). Thus Europeans are nearly unrivalled in the contest. And with the latter are to a foreign country, residents it must be remembered that they have annual visits to their native home, and to consult their health and enjoy enough of which to live from year to year. It is natural, therefore, that Europeans should keep in constant, monotonous labour.

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solitary for the greater part of the year. Their position as rulers of the country, their opportunities for study and reflection, their previous habits,—for the competition-wallah, from all I have seen of him, comes out as a man accustomed to read and delight in literature and to take intelligent interest in the conduct and welfare of those around him, —give them peculiar advantages, advantages which most seize, of keeping up general cultivation of the mind. But the majority of us in Bombay, unless talking shop, sit silent or asleep. I believe, in restless England, there is a general contempt felt for men who, possessed of a small competence, make no attempt to gain riches or position by working at a trade or profession but spend their time in the pursuit of art or science. These men, however, I think it must be, who make English society agreeable,—if it is agreeable. We have none of them here. Men with income sufficient for their support seldom or never come to

Bombay. And their want is terribly felt. We cannot at dinner or at any social gatherings get away from our daily life. We cannot even discuss the chances of war,—for we take no interest in the politics of this country and have forgotten all we ever knew about Europe; we cannot talk of the last new novel, for we have not read it; and there being few concerts and no operas or plays, we are without another source that in England is fruitful of conversation.

But I would not be misunderstood in what I now write. I wish only to point out that literary, scientific, or musical society is almost entirely wanting in Bombay. Society here is quite as good as any of *the same kind* in England. There are circles at home of hard-working lawyers and merchants who leave their homes day after day early in the morning, not to return till late in the evening. With these there is probably as great a dearth of conversation as with us, and it is

with such circles only that our society can be fairly compared.

There are features, however, in Bombay society which I think distinguish it most favourably from society at home. In the first place, it is far more natural; there is far less of assumption or pretence than in England. I have said there is little musical or scientific society in Bombay. Now, in England, it is true there is not this want; but in England, while even real lovers of music or science are few, there are immense numbers of people who, without any refined love of or interest in art or science, assume refined love and interest, to gain credit in the fashionable world, to increase the apparent difference between their own being and that of the lower classes. But this is not so in Bombay. There, in truth, we may have no refined taste in music, but we make no pretence that our taste is refined. We do not, hating classical music, suffer long performances of Beethoven or Bach, because to like their music shows re-

fined taste; we don't care for Beethoven or Bach or classical writers, and we do care for light music; and, without pretending that our liking is other than it is, we play and sing and listen to, light music only. And so in literature. Darwin, Spencer, Lyell may write books, and we may have no interest in them, preferring instead the romances of Dumas. But we do not pretend to have any such interest. I think I am justified in saying that there is an almost entire absence of humbug amongst us, which makes up almost for our absence of refined interest in art and science. And as a result of this absence of humbug, every one in society is bound to act without assumption; side or swagger cannot be long maintained by any one. The young civilian, army man, merchant, or barrister who, from association with his inferiors, the flattery of relatives, or inordinate vanity, comes out with an arrogant manner, must soon get rid of it or be cut. And all men who come out to India come out to work, and so any position

they may gain is owing, in some measure at least, to their own efforts, and, I fancy, no man who is conscious that his place in the world is the result of his own endeavours is guilty of side. Again, we show in Bombay far more general hospitality and kindness one to another, and this from disinterested motives, than is the case in England.

Of course, as all the world over, there are some who form their friendships solely with a view to self-advantage, who consistently cut poor and shabby men, and consistently invite to dinner those who have influence. But it is at the same time a fact, and a very strange fact, that many, very many—I believe myself, the great majority of those who have the means—ask others not in so happy a position to dine with them, to stay at their houses or go away with them for vacation; *not* because there is any return advantage to be gained, or because there is any obligation from friendships in England, but out of pure kindness and sympathy with the men asked

for their less free position. I believe there are many people in Bombay who, when going away for vacation, look round among their friends, and ask themselves, Who is ill and would be better for a change? or who wants to get away and cannot, unless some chance turn up that he may do so at little expense? I myself can say I have benefitted from this; and not once, but often, have I heard other men say the same.

There is, again, less striving amongst us here, in emulation one of another, than at home. We have no distinct aristocracy; and all belong, approximately, to one class of society. So, though society is broken up into sets, as many as those in an English country town, still these sets have not the same grounds for looking up to one another, or down on one another as at home; and it matters little in public estimation to which we may belong, the constitution of each being determined, not by questions of money, birth, and standing, but, generally, on that of liking or nearness of residence.

I think, then, that the chances of success are approximately the same here as in England. It is quite true that the barrister, solicitor, or merchant can begin to make a large income at an earlier age than he could in England. But, in the first place, the expense of living is far greater here. A man cannot with any comfort live on less than Rs. 300 a-month; that is, 350*l.* a-year; and I think that in England 200*l.* is a much larger income than Rs. 300 in Bombay. So the start got in making a large income is more apparent than real; the climate necessitates certain comforts, and any attempt to live sparingly, or without the luxury—at least at times—of horse exercise, must end in injury to health.

It is the climate, in fact, which is the great drawback to Europeans in this city. However well a man may succeed, however quickly he may be amassing wealth, there is the climate always threatening him. I believe I am within the bounds of truth when I say

that one-half of us suffer from liver, and that very few can be found, who have been in the country three years, and have not suffered from either liver or fever. Dysentery again is comparatively common, and typhoid not unknown. Of lesser evils, we all suffer at times from boils and prickly heat; evils, it is true, not dangerous to life, but absolutely destructive of comfort. No doubt these afflictions are far more easily borne, and far less to be feared, than is imagined in England. Many have bouts of fever regularly every year; and many work on for years, in apparently excellent health, with livers swollen to double, or shrivelled to one-half, their normal size. But we do, and not very seldom, die or go home sick to death of liver or dysentery. And these are dangers which belong to residence in this country, and must be taken into account in determining the chances of success.

Shortly then, we all, or nearly all, live in large, open, pleasant houses, eat good dinners, ride, and, if fortunate, get away sometimes

for a month to a hill station, or up country to shoot big game. But we business or professional men work hard—very hard; and the climate is so enervating, that after each day's work we have little desire for recreation, and so no recreation is to be found. And we are open at all times to the attacks of many of the ills of the flesh that in England we were free from. In one another's company we are dull, taking little interest in anything beyond our own immediate work. But we are natural, free from pretence, and kind—very kind—one to another, and no man coming out need fear the want of friends. But, again, we are never at ease in the country, we never make it our home. We watch anxiously the passing of the days, weeks, months, and years as bringing us nearer England. We reject pleasure to toil for money, as hastening the day of our return to home.

CLIMATE.

In January, February, and the early part of March, the climate is delightful—for Bombay. The nights are cool, the days not raging hot, and every afternoon a soft, temperate breeze comes flowing in from the sea. The sky is always clear, clouds seldom appearing, and rain never. The thermometer for these months ranges generally from 70° to 84°, falling to 70° at night, rising above 80° in the day. Occasionally the thermometer rises or falls abnormally, and once, I remember, it registered only 56° at two o'clock of a February morning. But this was so exceptional that every newspaper reporting it,—and of course every newspaper reported so astounding a fact,—gave at the same time its authority for so incredible a statement.

In March and during April—perhaps the thermometers are then getting tired of ranging about over 14°—the heat gradually increases, the days get hotter slowly, and the nights get hotter quickly, so that by the end of April the range of the thermometer is only 6 or 8 degrees—from 80° to 88°.

Then comes May. And please remember, if we in Bombay never have the same extreme registered heat as they in the North-west of Bengal, that our heat being of the sea, damp, is very much more difficult to withstand. And May brings thirty-one days of close, oppressive heat, and thirty-one nights of close, oppressive heat; the thermometer lazily ebbing and flowing from 88° to 92° or even 95°.

As the days grow old, and the heat more and more unbearable, we are all seized with intense anxiety as to the monsoon. Has it burst at Ceylon? Has it reached Goa? Will it break to-morrow or a week hence in Bombay? And each day the newspapers

tell us of like anxiety in other far-off towns. Correspondents give minute accounts of the heat of the places from whence they write, and record gravely the weakest rumours and most ill-based statements, as to whether the advent of the monsoon will be early or late.

At last, when all possibility of sound sleep is gone, and we wake each hour or minute wet with perspiration; when even the crows have lost every power but that of cawing,—a power, confound them! that they never lose, —and stand desolate, with their hot wings held comically apart from their hot bodies; *then*, at last, over the mountains landward of Bombay rise up, in thick black masses, vast clouds, gloomy and terrible against the blue sky; clinging round and blotting out the strange forms and flat tops of the Ghaut Mountains; full of great thunders and lightnings that roll up and flash from the distance into our glad ears and eyes. But still in Bombay we go to bed with the thermometer at 89°.

At last comes a day when the black clouds rise up still higher and blot out the hot blue sky even to the zenith; and, gathering darker each moment, crowd out the light and stifle the air, till darkness is on us, our skins run with perspiration and our lungs labour for breath. And then, beaten about with a mighty wind, down come the clouds in a deluge of rain, and instantly—and this, reader, is the moral—down comes the thermometer to 84°, 83°, 82°, 81°, even 80°! Oh! how intense is the relief! Though the rain beats into our rooms so madly and persistently, and soaks through the walls so irresistibly that our boots, books, glasses, and tables are each morning covered with mildew, and no clothes can be worn till thoroughly dried; though it brings creeping and crawling and flying and croaking things innumerable, of diverse shape and form, as many and horrible as the devilish things that tempted St. Anthony, and a mighty wind that tosses our buggies in the roads as though at sea;

—notwithstanding all this, we look on the monsoon as a friend—*it brings down the thermometer*. Quality as great as Charity.

And for four months the deluge of rain and wind keeps on. And nearly all that time the walls are clammy with dampness, and the paper we write on greasy with dampness, and our shirts limp with dampness; but the thermometer is below 82° from dampness,—morning, noon, and night seldom or never falling below 80°: morning, noon, and night seldom or never rising above 82°. *Seldom* or never I write, for sometimes the rain stops for a week, and the blue sky comes back, and all the face of the land looks bright and cool in its green freshness, but the thermometer jumps up to 88° or even 90°.

And at last, about the end of September, the rain and the wind moderate, and in October cease altogether, ending their reign as they began,—with masses of vast clouds full of lightnings and thunders piled up over the Ghauts. And then the sky is again clear, and the earth

quickly dries up; the greenness of nature passes away, and the grass is brown and scorched till the monsoon of the next year comes.

All through October, and well into November, the heat though not so great is as oppressive as that of May: till December comes and then the heat decreases, giving way before the shadow of cool January. Such is the climate of the year.

It *is* oppressive.

The buoyancy of life felt in England is never experienced here. Brain-work is irksome, and muscles are unstrung. But we live in big houses and big rooms; there are no windows to shut out the air; the sky is blue, and every morning a cool breeze blows over us from the land, and every evening a cool, soft breeze fans us from the sea. And, if the air, steaming and bubbling with heat, grow unbearable, are there not pegs and icebergs of cold, glistening ice.

And the sun dries up our livers till they

are infinitesimal, or swells them till they are monstrous; and the wise have no beer and women no complexions, and we go home.

But Bombay is not a bad place to live in, and beats the whole world as a place to go away from. No one can appreciate the delights of a temperate climate who has not been here. After steaming in Bombay for month after month, the pleasure of getting away to a hill station is indescribable. To sleep under one or even two blankets, to be forced by cold to huddle over a fire, to shiver in the morning bath, and absolutely be obliged to walk about in the sun to get warm, give an indescribable feeling of self-satisfaction that is the result entirely of previous life in a vapour bath.

If we poor devils out here are to be pitied for the discomforts we have to put up with in tropical residence, we are, too, to be envied for the exceptional pleasures we at times enjoy.

THE ISLAND AND HARBOUR.

The city of Bombay is built on an island, in shape like an open lobster's claw, the larger claw to the south, the opening between the two claws facing to the south-west. This opening is a wide sweeping bay called Back Bay; the little claw is high rocky ground called Malabar Hill; and here, dotted about in every direction, are hundreds of private bungalows, cool from their position and the constant south-west or north-east sea-breezes. The big claw is flat ground called Colaba; here again are private bungalows, and at the extreme point a lighthouse to guide ships entering the harbour, the entrance to which has Colaba on the left hand, and the high, broken mainland on the right. The fort,—there is no fort now, it is but a memory, and

its place is built over with vast houses of business and government offices, with very wide, irregular streets, and very narrow, irregular streets,—is on that part of the island near Colaba, and running from Back Bay on the one side, to the harbour on the other. And the native town is far back on the main part of the lobster's claw (separated from the fort by half-a-mile of flat, yellow, scorched grass), covering enough ground for 600,000 people to live on.

Opposite Bombay, on the other side of the harbour, distant about ten miles by water, are broken hills rising perhaps 1000 feet; and, more distant still, the strange Ghaut Mountains and Matheran, three times a thousand feet in height, with flat top and steep precipitous sides. The harbour runs far away inland, leaving the island of Bombay miles behind. It is so enormous in size that storms affect it like a little sea, and its anchorage is, in the monsoons, sometimes insecure.

About two miles from the entrance, near the Bombay shore, lies—as far as I can discover, always—a fleet of lateen-rigged, native fishing-boats; their short, sloping masts and long, contrary-sloping yards giving them, at a distance, the appearance of a confused network of poles. They are strangely-built vessels, with high poops, and bear a close resemblance to the ships of old Greece; their peculiar looks, too, are heightened by their being sometimes painted whimsically with bright colours, in lines and circles, and now and then with white and black in imitation of men-of-war. All down the middle ground are anchored the big steamers, and the big and small sailing-vessels that have come out through the Canal—"Canal wallahs,"—or round the Cape.

Here too, bearing no resemblance to any other floating things on the sea, but looking like small, fixed, elliptical islands of regularly cut rock, each covered completely with one large tent, are the turret-ships "Abyssinia"

and "Magdala," built and sent out from England for the defence of Bombay harbour. On occasions, too, here is one of her Majesty's troop-ships, painted white, of over 4000 tons burthen, dwarfing in its hugeness the largest of the large P. and O. steamers. And here, every Thursday, or Friday or Saturday, or Sunday or Monday—for the P. and O. steamers, probably to give us the pleasures of anxious hope, are by no means regular in their arrival—is the mail-steamer with the mails from England. How anxiously we await the arrival of this particular steamer; how pleasant is the crash of the two guns from Colaba, telling us it is in sight! How strange that this sound never palls on us, never grows monotonous, though heard week after week for tens of hot years!

Sailing along steadily under their long elegant lateen sails are many native boats, lost in great square cargoes of hay, fifteen or sixteen feet high, looking like floating hay-stacks commissioned by Home. Other native

craft ply from and to the shore with burdens of cotton and other produce for export, to and from the ships in the middle ground; for in Bombay there are no quays.

About five o'clock in the afternoon yachts, —sometimes English, but for the most part lateen-rigged—begin to stud the harbour, putting out to sea beyond Colaba lighthouse, or running inland towards Hog Island, eight miles up the harbour, and where the monster iron hydraulic lift for raising ships, even of 4000 tons burthen, stands, eating itself for want of employment; or to the island of Elephanta, near Hog Island, celebrated for its caves; or up farther still to the Tauna river.

When night comes on, and Providence sends a few clouds to make the sunset glorious, then the scene of Bombay harbour is wonderful. Out at sea, at the harbour's mouth, great streaks and blotches and broken points of gold crowd the western sky, bright and dazzling on the background of

crimson that runs far along the horizon and rises upwards till it pales and is lost in the pure blue above: the broken water of the harbour burns gold and red and yellow in reflection; the masts and yards, sails and hulls, of the anchored vessels are gold; the ugliest collier has become meet to carry Cleopatra; the houses of Bombay are translated, and the town is a town of gorgeous palaces; the mountains in the distance catch the bright lights and, mindful that true greatness is humble, deck themselves in soft, faint colours; and over all is the blue sky, pure and clear. Then, slowly, the light fades, and darkness approaches and settles down. But sometimes there is a change, and darkness is driven back. Then, all through the air and light, there is a strange, tremulous motion. The ships, the sea and the land, the mountains in the distance, quiver fantastically and seem no longer substantial. It is a battle between the full moon, the sun, and darkness. Darkness is beaten, the sun sets, and the

moon begins to rule. The gold, the red and yellow, have all gone; only a steady white light marks the shadows of the ships and the ripples of the water, and charily touches an edge here and there with a brighter emphasis of silver.

The sudden change—a change in a few minutes—from sunset-light to moonlight, is astounding! It is the creation of a new world, of new thoughts. The brightest of bright moonlight nights in England gives no idea of an Indian moonlight night. Ghosts, pixies, trolls, gnomes are not in India; there is no sentiment for them to feed on; and Jinns, Afreets, and Shitan make but a poor substitute. The moonlight here suggests nothing of the spiritual, nothing of the sentimental. All scenery in daylight is wanting in shadow and depth of color; each landscape under the sun looks like a faintly-tinted photograph, sharp in outline, but faded till almost invisible in parts. But by moonlight this is changed; deep, heavy shadows sit on

the mountains and hills where before were only their neutral tints; and, though all bright colour be gone, nature has a sturdy, earnest appearance that is invigorating, after its wan, transparent look of the day. It is this robust look that the landscape gains which is so striking. Life under the moon seems more vigorous. It gives no desire for sentiment, but rather for physical exercise. To sail out in the harbour on a moonlight night is delightful. But it is delightful because it makes one feel brighter and more active, and gives a good appetite for dinner; not because the scene and light set one dreaming of home or love.

THE NATIVE TOWN.

THE harbour is the distinctive feature of Bombay; it is the harbour which has made Bombay so great and gained it its name for beauty. But the native part of the town has its own peculiarities and beauties apart from those of nature.

The native town, starting and running back from Colaba and Back Bay, covers a considerable part of the island. Six hundred thousand men, women, and children are crowded together in it; great families of husbands, brothers, mothers, wives, sisters, cousins, uncles, grandmothers, grandfathers, twentieth cousins—all living together in one house. Throughout the day, the roads are thick with a slowly moving crowd of partially-clothed dusky men and women, and entirely unclothed

dusky boys and girls; the men for the most part thin and attenuated, with stooping shoulders, clad in dirty coloured cloths wrapped carelessly round the loins, with dirty ill-wrapped turbans; the women, small in stature but magnificently formed, dressed with a small, close upper garment, partially open at the front, tightly fitting over the shoulders and bosom, ending about the waist, bright with gold and colour, and showing minutely the form; a short petticoat, not meeting the upper garment, but leaving a belt of brown flesh visible; over one shoulder and falling loosely, without concealing the body, a white thin cloth; the brown legs bare to the knees; round the ankles silver anklets—sometimes thick and heavy, and so many as to jingle as their owner moves; and in the ears, and perhaps through the nose, rings of gold; the children, boys and girls, with large stomachs produced by a constant diet of rice, clothed simply with earrings and anklets and sometimes a string round the loins.

There are no footpaths throughout the native town, and the broughams and buggies that drive swiftly along seem each moment to endanger some life; but a way is always cleared by the constant use of shouts and whips. If, indeed, an accident occur, the result is strange to a new comer. I had been in India but a week, when I first knocked down a man. I was driving slowly in a buggy, and the man—a feeble old fellow as I found afterwards—in spite of loud shouts received a shaft in his back and fell. Surrounded by so many dark faces, I scarcely knew what the result might be, but in a moment the old man was up again, and came to the buggy with his head bent and salaaming violently. He was beseeching me, as I learnt, to forgive him for being knocked down. A Sepoy—native policeman—came up and seized and shook him roughly; I ordered the Sepoy to release his prisoner, and when I drove off he was still salaaming to me in gratitude for my kind forgiveness. As in this, so in most

of such accidents, those run down are in fault; natives having an unconquerable love for walking in the centre of the road, and an unconquerable dislike to noticing shouts warning them of danger.

There is but little difference, one with another, between the streets of the native town, unless from the fact that each, as in Cologne, has a distinct smell of its own. There being no footpaths, and no doors or windows to the great majority of the shops, gives the whole place somewhat the appearance of a vast fair; and the constant crowd, with the bright dresses of the women and naked children, help to increase the holiday look. The streets turn and wind, not suddenly, but in long curves, so that everywhere, in the bright glare of the sun, long vistas of colour and dark overhanging roofs meet the eye. Some of the houses are very high—five or six stories—some mere huts with only a ground floor. Some storeys have verandahs, while nearly all from the

ground to the roof have long sloping eaves. Every house is painted yellow, or, if not yellow, green, or if not green, red or blue, or a mixture of all or some of these colours; some have the upper storeys projecting towards the road over those below, and these have somewhat the look of old houses in Chester.

The shops — the ground floor of nearly every house, whether it have six storeys or none is a shop—open flush on to the street, looking like—being, in fact—large wooden cupboards. The owners are visible sitting cross-legged among their wares or reclining on their low beds.

One shop is that of a coppersmith, and crammed with duly shining copper cooking and water utensils, used commonly by natives and Europeans alike; another that of a grain-seller, and full of little boxes and wicker baskets of various grain, generally, too, having one sloping board covered with neatly arranged green leaves, looking like small green soles, used for wrapping up the concoction

of betel-nut, thyme, and spice, called pansipari, chewed and eaten by the natives. Another, that of a general dealer, declaring itself in shaky letters to be a "Europe shop," contains a strange collection of unexpected odds and ends—English pickles, Noah's arks, bear's grease, Butler's Analogies, trousers, and turbans: another, that of "John Chin, Chinaman, good painter in minater:" another for native drinking, with strange coloured bottles standing about: another a Parsee shop, and in these shops the Parsee owners invariably make violent but too often quaintly abortive efforts to copy, in the nature and arrangement of their goods, European example. After these open cupboards, standing back from the street, often with a little garden of scorched grass and fresh green big-leaved trees before it, is a Hindoo temple, with rough stone steps and round heavy pillars, painted of course red and blue and yellow; a rude, ugly god, daubed with red, just visible in the distance, and two or three fakirs or priests

lounging at the entrance, hideously chalked with white, and lined and spotted with colours, their heads decked with hair in high fantastic shapes. Then comes a big Parsee house, of six or seven storeys, of course painted brightly but striving hard in its stiffness to appear European, looking as proudly down on the little places near it as a rich Parsee on his fellow-men, but the ground floor, as always, an open wooden cupboard, utilized as a shop. Farther on is a Mahommedan mosque, white and substantial, with its characteristic round dome and little round turrets.

There is no display of wealth in any part of the native town; the inhabitants of one street may be poorer than those of another, but the only sign of such fact is that their cupboards are somewhat smaller and more rickety. A native worth lacs of rupees will live as quietly, and spend as little, as John Dance, and—unlike Dance—will give his creditor all possible trouble before paying the smallest acknowledged debt.

Such is the town by day. Bright with colour and crowded life under the clear, hot, blue sky, picturesque in its long street vistas of huts and big-eaved six-storeyed houses, Hindoo temples, Mahommedan mosques, and oases of fresh green giant-leaved trees.

Driving through in the morning, one finds the men standing in the road with shining copper pannikins of water, short sticks, and pieces of areca nut, washing their teeth and scraping them with the stick; and the women giving their children their morning bath—driplets of water from small copper vessels: the barbers are at work at the doors of the cupboards, shaving the fore part of their client's heads and using strange instruments about their ears and eyes, while here and there is a native doctor rubbing some coloured ointment into the skin of his patient's back or leg, to cure a surface sore, or the terrible and common affliction of elephantiasis.

When evening comes the cupboards are lighted up with butties—glass tumblers half

full of water, with one or two inches of oil and a lighted wick floating thereon—gas is seen only in the lamp-posts; and on auspicious days frequent marriage processions pass. As you drive along you see, far down the half-dark street, a blaze of light, and soon a great crowd and flaring torches meet you, and you must draw aside or proceed slowly and cautiously. First come a dozen or so of casual little native boys carrying long poles with big torches a-top burning and smoking; the little boys showing no respect for their occupation, and walking in no particular order; some even with straw-like cigarettes in their mouths. Then come certain orderly walking women, clad in the most gorgeous of gorgeous garments, their gold ear-rings and nose-rings, and wrist and foot-bangles, and bright dresses glistening in the wavering light; then, in the centre of a ring of glaring torches, appear the bride and bridegroom—a very little girl and a very little boy, seated each on a very big horse; little boy, little girl,

and big horses—all covered and pressed down with golden ornaments. Round the little bride and bridegroom, carried on high by men and lighted with candles, are rough miniature imitations of palaces and gardens, earnest of the vast property the bride brings the bridegroom, or the bridegroom the bride, or that both will inherit through the will of God.

At last, when night comes, the cupboards are shut up and there is rest, except in one particular street, and in some few spots here and there, that all day long have been still and lifeless. Here, when the day has gone, darkness seems to bring life, and the houses are bright with light. But the behind-the-scenes trade herein nightly carried on is, with few exceptions, the same all over the world, and needs no description.

THE FORT AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

A LONG road of a mile, wider far than Regent Street, leads from the native town towards the outstretching arm of Colaba, the road planted on both sides with trees and running the whole way through a great level open plain, scorched and yellow in the dry weather, green and fresh in the monsoon. At the end of this road, and looking up it towards the native town, is a glorious statue of Queen Victoria, seated on a throne under a laboriously carved stone canopy. At the foot of this statue a native may now and again be seen, doing pooja to her Majesty. Then come the public buildings of Bombay and its so-called fort, bounded by Back Bay on the right, the harbour on the left, and Colaba beyond. The fort is now only a

name for that part of the city where are the European houses of business; its material existence ended some years ago when it was peacefully blown up and pulled to pieces and carried away, to leave no trace but a name, a few thick broken walls, and a dirty fosse. There is nothing remarkable about the houses in the fort,—I write as all speak here, please remember there is in fact no fort,—some are old and have the big eaves and gay colours and picturesque look of those in the native part of the town, while some are new, substantially and expensively built of stone. Elphinstone Circle is the grandest of the new part of the city. The houses of five or six storeys are of good architecture, built of yellow stone, all with pretty colonnades or verandahs to each floor. The centre of the circle is railed in and covered with a bright green garden, two paths crossing it at right angles and leading to a fountain in the middle. The Town Hall, something like the National Gallery in

appearance, but wanting the little round wooden knob—stands on a chord of the circle, and lends it the shadow of dignity and aid of comparison.

I scarcely like to write of the new public buildings. They have been a subject of the wildest rejoicing to the newspapers, and, so I imagine, to the inhabitants of Bombay. Leading articles declare that *now* Calcutta must be ousted and Bombay made the Capital of India, and the name "City of Palaces," once tabooed, is at present given to Calcutta freely and simply, its sarcasm requiring no explanation. But the buildings themselves, big and strong as they are, look uncomfortable. They gaze out in a line at the sea of Back Bay with an expression as though of sad inquiry, "Why, oh! why are we so spick and span? Couldn't you, tumbling sea, tell us how to look a little older and how to get rid of all these terrible straight lines?

There is a monstrous telegraph office, and a monstrous post-office, and secretariate and

courts of law,—of course not finished—and an university hall and other monstrous buildings, all of different shapes and all suggestive of straight lines, and each in itself looking out of sympathy with tropical heat, and the deluge of monsoons. But these great buildings, each standing in its own land of green grass, form one great regular range that, looked at from a little distance, is most imposing, and I doubt if any city can show a grander sight.

BOYS.

THE first thing you do when you come out is to get a boy. Your existence is incomplete without one. Such a thing as an English gentleman for any time beyond a few days keeping the keys of his clothes-presses, getting out each day clean shirts and carrying his tin-pannikin—with which, if you have not a big sponge or in preference to a big sponge, you pour streams of water over your body—and towels to the bath, has never been heard of. You surrender everything to your boy,—clothes, books, in fact all material possessions, except your cheque-book, and that, I believe, is kept only perforce of the terrible warning of your banker. Your boy rules over your clothes with an absolute rule, and though he some-

times receives horrible abuse, for the most part honestly settles to his own satisfaction what is and what is not worn out, and what new things his saheb requires.

Your boy is of any age from sixty to fourteen, and of any race from Portuguese to Seedie—negro. He gets from Rs. 10 to Rs. 15 a month, and is supposed to keep himself, which he generally doesn't do. He acts as your butler and pays your bills that come in, rendering a wonderful account of his expenses in a wonderful language, bearing some distant resemblance to English. This for instance is one of my weekly accounts—if you are careful you get your boy's account each week, if careless each month:—

	Rs.	As.
Peep	—	1
Ol	—	7
Paid Boguy	1	2
Hunralla	—	14
Giv Master	1	—
Tott	3	8

The term "Hunralla" puzzled me for some time, but at last I found it represented the English word umbrella. "Peep," I knew by experience stood for pepper, and "Ol" for oil; while, on the face of it, "boguy" is a form varied from buggy. In the awful weeks too during which I "kept house" for myself and three other men, I learnt that in this boy's language "Sutrantaro" stands for Sauterne, "Cheney" for Chutney, and "Orwarrter Scusas" for Worcester Sauce.

It is wonderful how absolutely necessary your boy becomes to you in this hot climate. You are miserable without him. Deprived of him for even one day, you fall into a state of extreme nervous irritation, and the unaccustomed labour of putting your studs into a clean shirt and of carrying your towels to the bath throws you into a state of profuse perspiration, from which you don't recover for hours. The dislike and contempt of the ordinary Englishman for the ordinary native,—feelings which since the

encouragement of natives by Government, and their advance in position and wealth, have been joined by envy,—are shown in nothing so much as in the treatment boys generally receive from their masters. Nine men out of ten, I believe, swear at and abuse their boys, five out of ten strike them, and some there are who thrash them regularly. And this is done out of pure irritability; the boys are not stupid, and the abuse and blows are generally the result of the boys' imperfect knowledge of English, and their masters' absolute ignorance of Hindostani. I have heard a man abuse his boy for five minutes, using the most forcible oaths in the English language, abuse finished with a hard, open-handed blow. And for why?

"I can't make out what the d——d guddle says. Who knows Hindostani? What does the fool say? If he doesn't learn English I'll thrash him."

And yet these boys, abused so terribly, are

faithful servants. A man will stay many years in the country, and all the time leave his clothes and jewelry in the exclusive possession of his boy, never probably examining their state once during the whole time. And notwithstanding this it is almost certain that when he prepares for home he will find his boy with everything in hand, or ready to account satisfactorily for what may be lost. And these boys, if they cheat their masters out of a few annas now and then to their own advantage, at the same time faithfully protect those who employ them from the pilfering of outsiders.

Most of these boys, whether aged fourteen or sixty, are married. But they are careful,—perhaps the care is advisable,—to keep their wives out of their master's sight. I believe in the generality of cases either the wife or the marriage is casual. My boy tells me his wife is at Goa; every Portuguese boy says his wife is at Goa; but as he has lived with me in Bombay, happy and contented, for two

years, and as the fact that it is impossible for boys to be alone is as certain as that it is not good for men, I take it for granted that his wife lives in my compound, though I have never even seen her shadow. I don't know if boys ever want holidays, they seldom or never ask for them, and seldom or never get them. Their chief pleasure, apart from what they may get from eating and drinking and cheerful converse with their wives, seems to consist in sleeping, and that perhaps is as enjoyable to them in Bombay as Goa or elsewhere; and so their indifference as to holidays may be accounted for. I think, from what I have seen, they can sleep anywhere and in any position. The strangest sight I saw on my first voyage out was the foredeck of the steamer after sundown. It was a network of dusky arms, and legs, and heads, and bodies, apparently thrown about at random in inextricable confusion; but by the red blotches of light from the dim greasy lamps hanging about, mixed with the clear

silver rays of the light of the moon, you could see, after a time, that the network was a network of dark men, in sound, motionless, noiseless sleep; this one flat on his face, that on his back, another curled up like a dog, all overlapping one another in careless insensibility. I remember seeing a young and delicately clad girl stepping gingerly over this network of insensible half-naked humanity, that she might get to the bows and look at the moon with a young fellow who followed her. It was curious to look at those two and think of the relationship to the network; but such thinking neither had nor has anything to do with boys.

All natives seem to have this power of commanding casual sleep, and so native boys have it, and also, I fancy, Portuguese. All the time I have been here I have heard only one boy snore. He was a Seedie—negro, and his snore was simply terrific. But sleep generally is calm and still, as though it were death. Your boy has a peculiar way of

waking you in the morning, if you refuse at the first summons. He fears to shout or touch you, lest he should receive oaths or blows, so he stands near your head and sings in constant repetition on one note, "Saheb! Saheb! Saheb!" The method is strangely effective as a specific against sleep, on the principle, I suppose, of homœopathy, monotonous sounds generally having a reverse effect. If your boy wishes to leave you, he does not vulgarly state the fact; but, as a Member of Parliament wishing to throw up his seat attains his object by the polite fiction of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, so your boy attains his object by expressing a wish to visit his native country. After such an expression on his part, your only chance of keeping him is by an offer to raise his "pugger"—wages. It is not impossible, however, that he leaves because your abuse is so strong, and blows so frequent, that they have at last become tiresome to him; and in such a case you can't possibly keep him, even

by the method sometimes used of thrashing him, and assuring him, on the honour of an Englishman, that if he dares to speak again of his native country you will thrash him again. It is no good. The next day he will be gone, having deposited the keys of your things with the butler or another boy, leaving everything—clothes, linen, boots, jewelry, exact in number and perfect in order. Perhaps you have gained a bad name as a Saheb, and in such case you may have to send to Madras before you can get a boy to accept your vacant place. But such instances, though known, are very, very rare.

I think the treatment boys experience in Bombay is ill-advised, and I am extreme enough to believe it is unjust. There has lately been some change, for it is not uncommon at the present time (1875) to meet men who don't abuse their boys, or, at the most, swear at them very gently. But I doubt if the boys of Europeans will ever

have a fair chance of developing affection for their masters, or of becoming intelligent servants. The terrible irritability, induced by constant immersion day and night in a vapour bath, which is in great measure the reason of, and which forms some excuse for men's conduct, must always exist; and so long as boys, from year's end to year's end, never receive a kind or familiar word from their masters, are sworn at constantly, and told day and night they are careless fools, so long, and I can see no likely end to such time, must they remain what they are, forgetful, thoughtless servants, though at the same time by nature honest and fairly intelligent.

BUNGALOWS.

One of the chief reasons for the difference in habits of life here and in England is the publicity with which the heat of India obliges all things to be done. Pyjamahs and a shirt constitute a dress as free from objection as a bathing costume of France; but still it is strange to a novice traversing the Red Sea for the first time, to leave his cabin at ten o'clock of a moonlight night thus clad, and ascend the main hatch, and pass, without comment or commotion, by many a lady young and old to his bed on the deck. It is strange, too, when he is falling asleep, to be waked by the passing steps of ladies visible in the moonlight, with loose garments and flowing hair, hurrying to their resting-places, open to the sky, divided from his by only a

canvas screen. And it is strange, at first, to live for years in houses that have no doors, or doors that are never shut, and to sleep half the year through so unprotected by bolts and bars that the public at large may enter into any and every room at any and every hour of the night. But the strangeness wears away, while the influence of the new state of things strengthens. I came to India first with ideas which I think I held in common with most Englishmen — that I should find ladies in India loud and fast, casual in conversation, and not unoften questionable in character. I don't know from what these ideas sprung, but I believe they are, in fact, common to most stay-at-home Englishmen. When, however, I had lived in Bombay one month, and had seen that every house had big rooms with big doors and big windows that were never shut; that servants passed and repassed, and entered all places at their mere will, so that no number of persons from two to fifty could hold confidence

by word or deed without knowledge thereof being shared by a certain other number of dusky servants; and when, too, I found that scandal was as rife here as in England, and that ladies, to gain information of their neighbours' doings, pumped their ayahs in India as curiously and thoroughly as their maids at home; then, believing in the caution of women, I began to doubt the correctness of my said ideas; and when longer residence taught me that ladies here are as circumspect as, possibly more circumspect than, in England, and that the current scandal is of a petty and wild character—except on few occasions, exceptions just sufficient to prove a rule—I knew my said ideas were false. I have not the slightest doubt that ladies in Bombay are as true and virtuous as ladies in England; and we have this advantage—no wrong-doing can be committed in secret; it must, from our mode of life, be instantly known by all.

Wherever and whatever the house one

lives in may be, it is a bungalow. Men living over their offices in the fort, in stone or brick-built rooms, call their habitations bungalows, as well as those living at Colaba or Malabar Hill. Our first bungalow was at Malabar Hill. There were four of us—men and bachelors—and as we had but just arrived in the country, our desire of and belief in the possibility of making our fortunes was strong; and that our absence from home might be as short as possible, we determined to start economically. We looked at countless bungalows; some were Rs. 300, some Rs. 250, some Rs. 200 a month; only now and again could we discover one for less rent. At last we chose one on the west side of Malabar Hill, at a rent of Rs. 150, facing due west over the ocean to Africa. The bungalow was in form a right-angled parallelogram, about 100 feet in length by 70 in depth, consisting only of one floor. At each end, facing the sea, was a bedroom about 20 feet wide, behind each bedroom a dressing-room,

and behind each dressing-room a bath-room; the whole length of each suite of three rooms being 70 feet, or the depth of the bungalow. There was, between the two bedrooms, a big centre room, which we partitioned into three —two bedrooms and a sitting-room. The bungalow was built, as are most others, of wood, bricks, and plaster. Along the front, facing the sea, was a verandah, 10 or 12 feet in width. The roof was of thatch or tiles, I forget which, and the doors and windows were neither solid nor of glass, but simply formed on the pattern of venetian blinds. The floor of the room was wood, and the verandah was paved with chunam—a hard, white, smooth cement. The roof was continued beyond the verandah by moveable wooden frames, covered with rough cocoa-nut matting, 8 feet in width, in the dry weather serving to screen off the hot rays of the sun, in the monsoon lowered till they closed in the verandah and kept out the torrents of rain and hurricanes of wind. The bungalow

stood, raised some few feet, in the midst of two or three acres of dried-up rocky land called its compound, and shut in from the road by a thick hedge of green, but dusty, thirsty-looking cactuses.

There were twenty or thirty palm toddy-trees in this compound, and in the season they were regularly tapped by coolies—clad, but in the most attenuated and flimsy of quasi-kilts—who clambered up the tall straight trunks by help of big and strong rope girdles, made to encircle them and the tree. Each coolie supported himself by his feet resting on the rough bark and his back against the girdle; to ascend, he held each side of the girdle in his hand, and, for the moment relieving it from his weight, thrust the part round the tree two or three feet upwards; then, with his feet and the help of the girdle, raised himself so far, and thus continued rising in jerks, till the clump of monstrous, rough leaves at the top was reached. Then, where the bark was soft, he

gouged out a hole in the trunk, and fastened thereto a round brown earthenware bottle, joining its mouth and the hole in the trunk by a conduit of palm-leaves, and covering all with a thick and close roof of leaves to prevent all access to the distilling liquor by those offensive thieves the crows. I believe every one in the bungalow tasted the sweet, bitter milky liquor once; I believe no one tasted it twice.

Crows come everywhere, and eat everything, and keep up for ever, morning, noon and night, a raucous caw-caw-cawing. Taking my little morning breakfast on the verandah, I have had the toast carried away in triumph from my plate by a crow more reckless even than usual; and on a hot day, with the thermometer at 94° in the coolest place, I have absolutely been driven by their awful caws to rise up and attempt to get rid of them. But it is useless. On days of great heat they look utterly prostrate; they stand feebly, holding their wings out awkwardly from their

bodies, if perchance a breath of cool air may pass their way; they look as near death as a man going home with liver or dysentery. But they never stop cawing. Each hoarse cry seems to be the last; their heads nod spasmodically as the horrid sounds come forth, but there is no close. They never stop cawing. I was at a grand native wedding feast here once. A nautch was proceeding in the room where we sat; two dark jewel-bedecked girls were shrieking at the top of their voices; three tattered brown men, in accompaniment, were striking three unshapely combinations of strings and wood, which I was told and believe were native instruments of music; a small Parsee boy was jerkily, but with grave mental dignity, grinding a large hand-organ, and, from the garden outside, came up the sounds of an European band. On the whole I think that was worse than the cawing of crows, but I am not quite sure.

On the borders of the compound, far removed from the bungalow, were the boys'

quarters—cook-rooms, store-rooms, and sleeping-rooms. This is a terrible country for increase of population. England has put down India's constant wars, and is now trying to put an end to its periodical famines. The result must be awful. There were no wars and no famines in our compound for three years, and the result, even there, was incredibly bad. We quite forgot, new as we were to the country and its peculiarities, to note the increase of our population and keep it down by menace or expulsion, and quite forgot to be careful that the grain our gorawallahs purloined from the horses, was but sufficient for their own existence. Whether natives of the servant castes are accustomed only to take wives when they see there is chance of a permanent home; or whether they only have children when occasion is suitable, I don't know. But it is a fact that nearly all our servants—boys, gorawallahs, and hamals—had wives; and all took the opportunity of entering our service to bring

them to our compound, where all began to have children in reckless profusion. We did nothing to aggravate the evil, but could not check it, and were, I am afraid, too soft-hearted to turn out of the compound the women, though never seen, and the naked, pot-bellied little babies that laughed and rolled about all day long bare-headed in the sun. My coachman could find no permanent resting-place, and in the end built for himself and his family a small hut with mud and wicker-work walls, and a roof of enormous leaves, kept together with sticks. Luckily we had only fourteen servants in all, so the evil was not of an aggravated kind; but I feel sure we must have had eight or ten little brown animals tumbling about the place at the end of our second year, and at least half as many again at the end of our third year.

Rats and mice and cockroaches flourish in bungalows. Musk-rats and cockroaches have a strange and, to men, unfortunate liking for soap, the bindings of books, and boots. They

eat these things, and, I have heard, they sometimes drink ink. When my own boots have been spoilt by the tiny nibbles of cockroaches or bigger bites of rats, I have never been able to regard the result calmly, but I have often found great interest in looking at my friend's boots when so destroyed. The marks left on the leather by cockroaches form a small intricate embroidery, somewhat like that of a skeleton leaf, the black exterior only being eaten away, in little pinlike bites. Soap too, after a musk-rat has had a meal off it, is improved in appearance, being marked, wherever attacked, by fine long-drawn ridges. Carbolic soap, I believe, no rats will touch,—once indeed I saw on a piece the tiny mark of a tiny tooth, but that mark remained alone and was never followed by another.

The ceilings of all our rooms,—like the ceilings of nearly all other rooms,—were made of whitewashed canvas. Above this canvas rats and snakes took up their abode, and now and again would engage in what seemed a free

fight; the noises made being indescribable. At night, when the wind was high and the canvas ceiling now bulging out, now contracting, with strange rumbles, and the rats scampering about, their feet pattering loudly; the combined effect of the noises was uncanny in the extreme, and I have often lain awake listening, trying unsuccessfully to persuade myself that rats and the wind were the only agents at work. Snakes I don't believe in. We killed a cobra in the compound, five feet eight inches long, the first day we took possession; but never saw one afterwards. I believe twenty or thirty thousand natives get killed by snakes every year, but not one European. Natives, however, put little value on life, and it is but natural that out of a hundred millions or so of men, who walk with bare feet and bare legs all their lives through the jungle, a few thousands should, at some time or other, tread on a cobra or forsa. I think it was about the year 1872 that some heterodox Frenchman, after travelling through

India, wrote a book, and declared therein that Europeans out here suffered no danger from snakes; and that instances of death therefrom were very rare. We took up arms at this unkind attempt to detract from the romance of our existence, and every newspaper sought everywhere for instances of Europeans having died by snake-bite. After long search *two* instances only could be found, —one where a man, against earnest advice, had taken a water-snake in his hand; and the other where a man, in getting over a stone-hedge, had put his hand on a cobra. We then let our opposition to the Frenchman's statement die.

All bungalows have an unstable, flimsy appearance about them. They don't look homelike inside or out. India is but three weeks off from England now, and no European can bear to look on this country as his home,—he won't regard himself as a permanent fixture, and of course his habitation reflects his views. But bungalows have big

rooms, and furniture better than ordinary London houses, and we who live in them at ease are men, for the most part, who in England would be inhabitants of fourth-storey smoky garrets.

And the life in these bungalows is a pleasant, lazy, unsatisfactory sort of life. The work in office during the day is so hard and so fatiguing in this hot climate, that in one's bungalow at morning and night one has little or no desire for intellectual amusement; simply a wish for absolute rest or thoughtless physical exercise. Thus bungalow life on weekdays is always the same and always monotonous—from half-past six or seven to eight or nine—a hard ride, a game at badminton, or an easy chair with the *Times of India*, *Bombay Gazette*, or *Indian Statesman;* then a bath; then a breakfast of beefsteaks, cutlets and prawn curry, or some such dishes, with claret, ice and water, or tea; then abandonment of the bungalow till seven

or eight in the evening; and then a dinner like unto that of breakfast, with soup and claret-cup added; and, lastly, an idle talk with cigars and coffee, or a game of billiards —if you have a table,—or whist. Thus the days pass on, each that is the pattern of each that has been and will be,—till Sunday comes. But then there is a change, a prodigious change.

Sunday morning comes, and you wake with the consciousness of having nothing to do for one whole day. I am afraid the intense pleasure of this feeling can scarcely be realized by people in England.

There, the cold brisk air prevents the true enjoyment of perfect repose. But here, the mild warmth of the air makes the man who can get time to be motionless and thoughtless, perfectly happy. Mental work does not proceed easily to those living in a constant vapour-bath. The mind has always to be under pressure from the will, so that when left to rest it is happy. To loaf about all

day too in pyjamahs and a shirt—a thing not only possible, but often done—is delightful. It gives a great sense of freedom; it is difficult to believe you are in the midst of a community of civilized men and women, when you can spend all the day in a dress belonging to the night. I suppose ladies would not suffer men to appear in this costume daily in their presence, on the score of its association; but, apart from such an objection, it is excellently adapted for wear, is very cool and leaves the limbs and body unconfined; while, if a cummerbund be added, the effect is unimpeachably decent and not unpicturesque.

It is this consciousness of having absolutely nothing to do that makes the great charm of a Sunday here; and the heat is not nearly so oppressive when you are idle. At the time I write, we are living in a long, straggling bungalow—with a straight passage down its centre from one end to the other, exactly one hundred yards in length,—built close to, and almost washed by, the sea at high

water. Along the front, facing the sea, runs a wide verandah; and then comes a narrow strip, perhaps ten yards wide, of grass, green in the monsoon, and yellow and scorched in the dry weather; then rises a thin green hedge, and then, beyond, touching the little bare hedge, are the bare dark rocks of the sea-shore. At high tide the sea, broken into foam by the rocks, washes close up to the hedge. At low tide the sea retreats for more than one hundred yards, and leaves great and small pools of water behind, and at this time brown men and brown women drag the pools for fish.

On Sunday, after our morning ride or game at badminton, we sit down lazily to breakfast, with the sound of the sea in our ears, and its sandy foaming waters in our eyes.

I noticed for many Sundays, that at low water there were invariably two women, each with a tall thin child attending her, busily engaged at the pools near our hedge. One day I saw that all breakfast-time, that is for

more than an hour, one of the women had been bent down over one big pool, constantly throwing out the water, as it seemed; the child standing still, attentively watching. So, after breakfast, I went out to see what the woman was doing. Her dress was slight, and scarcely concealed those parts it happened to cover. She was a well-formed woman, with strong and shapely limbs. The girl grinned at me, showing her white teeth, as I came up. She was tall, but evidently very young, and certainly, from her form, had not lived on a diet of rice. Most children live entirely on rice, and the invariable result is that they have fat, swelling stomachs. The woman took no notice of my approach, but went on working. She was standing in what had been a deep pool of sea-water; but by her constant work for the last hour, she had managed, with the aid of a thick piece of cocoa-nut bark, to expel the water and leave the bottom bare. She rose up from her bent

position soon after I came, and stood for a minute trying to press out of her back its aches from the hard, monotonous work. She treated me with supreme contempt, apparently unconscious of my presence. She had erected a little dam to prevent the water from flowing back again into the pool she had emptied, and now began to search busily among the stones and sand left dry. Thus she captured, one by one, and at no great rate, certain fat little fishes not more than an inch and a half or two inches long, marked on the back curiously like an onyx. I stood watching for ten minutes or more. At the end of that time a small tea-cup full of these little fishes had been secured, and deposited in a little, brown small-mouthed wooden bowl that the girl carried. This was the result of an hour and a half's hard, constant work. Every day she came to the rocks, and so worked for her breakfast.

I had been reading Browning's little poems by some extreme chance, and dreaming, over

my mulligatawny soup and prawn curry, of a world of brothers and sisters or husbands and wives; but after, when I stood looking at the woman, her busy hands and little heap of fishes, it seemed there might be some difficulties in the way of fixing my ideal world. I felt I shouldn't like to share the woman's life and breakfast, and I knew she wouldn't share mine.

India breaks down a good many liberal ideas. At home all classes are sufficiently civilized to be discontented, and the workingman or small tradesman would be glad at any time to be made a millionaire or nobleman, and loses no opportunity of expressing his disgust at Providence's injustice in not making him one originally; while the millionaire, for his part, pitches into the nobleman for being a nobleman, and the nobleman into the millionaire for being a millionaire. There is room in England for being brothers and sisters or husbands and wives. But, out here, the rich natives live as frugally as the

loin-cloths round their loins. Why should such a people ever advance? Any one who doubts the theories of Fitzjames Stephen as set forth in his "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," have only to come out here, and he will see at once how such theories are to be supported. "Stuart Mill," says Stephen, "has too high an opinion of the nature of men, it is a fault that is seen in all his writings. Mill judged of men as he saw them, discontented, longing for change, searching for knowledge in all directions, even for knowledge of the unseen." Stephen saw other men here contented, dreading change, shunning increase of knowledge. Trades-unions, strikes, rights of man, compulsory education, Odger, Dilke,—have nothing to do with this country; here a man lives on an anna a day, and then gets half the day for sleep. And India, remember, is not a country idle and unprogressive from barbarism; it competes, or has competed, with Europe in mathematics and philosophy, and at this day has

produced judges and doctors of no mean power. But India is a country where the brisk cold of Europe is unknown. Temperature makes or unmakes men.

So I left the woman still engaged in collecting her fat little fishes, and went back to the verandah, and called for a brandy and soda, and lay back in an easy chair reading and smoking, and watching the woman through the thin green hedge, still laboriously collecting her breakfast.

Sunday is the day too, when Boras—native hucksters, or tradesmen rather if one consider the value of their goods,—wander over Malabar Hill from bungalow to bungalow, displaying their varied stock.

"Saheb, nice thing want? Scinde work, Cashmere, boxes, shawls, all things. Just new. Never seen no one before. Saheb, look," &c. &c.

Then if summoned—as is generally the case,—the bora—a Hindoo, with a smiling countenance for a native—appears, followed

by two or three coolies carrying enormous bales of goods. The bales are opened, and an assortment of things, to a new comer wonderful, is shown. Shawls worth Rs. 300, and shawls worth Rs. 20; cummerbunds —long cloths for wrapping round the loins where trousers and shirt meet; caps, slippers, strangely worked in colours or in blazing gold; and cases and sandal-wood boxes carved intricately; all are strewn about over the verandah, making a confused network of bright, gorgeous colour, the bora watching carefully that nothing be hurt. There is no necessity because of this display to buy anything; if nothing is wanted or liked, the bales are cheerfully repacked and the bora retires with a polite salaam.

"Saheb, buy these slippers? New pattern, quite new. Lady slippers? Saheb no wife? Buy slippers then; God give wife. Child slippers? Saheb buy slippers, God give child. How much shawl? shawl fifty rupee. True, on my mother and father. No profit

fifty rupee. What Saheb give? Thirty? Thirty-five? Not enough!"

"I'll give twenty," you cry, after ten minutes of such bargaining—entirely, however, on the bora's side—not making the offer because you want the shawl, but to satisfy your conscience after giving so much trouble, and feeling sure your offer won't be accepted.

"Saheb, give twenty? Saheb make laugh. No lies Saheb, shawl fifty rupee price, no profit. Saheb give no more? No? Twenty-five? No? No; then Saheb take shawl for twenty."

And the shawl is carefully wrapped up and handed over to you.

Sometimes a band of conjurors will come in. Every one in England knows the basket trick. I have seen it done here with the basket on the verandah, and five or six of us sitting close by, and yet no one could see when the boy got in and when he got out. But the best of all tricks I think is this.

The conjuror places on a little copper plate three separate heaps of powders, red blue and yellow in colour. He puts his mouth down and undoubtedly draws the powders into his mouth. After this he fills his mouth with water, and gargles his throat and puffs out his cheeks with it, till it seems impossible there can be a dry spot, or even point, left. Then he again bends down his head and from his mouth spits back on the plate the original three heaps of powder, red blue and yellow, dry as at first. When I saw this done, one of us lay down on the floor with his head scarcely a foot off the performer; and, indeed, what is most striking in these Indian tricks is, not so much their excellence *per se*, as the wonderful ingenuity which the performers must be conscious of possessing, to enable them to suffer their audience to choose without restriction any places however near for observation.

Billiards and whist, too, are common amusements for Sunday afternoons, but

every bungalow has not a billiard-table; and some men, even in Bombay, object to whist.

It is pleasant to drive down to the evening service in the cathedral at six. The sun is setting and the air comparatively cool. After the laziness of the day one feels more open to sentiment, and the church-service in the long, high cathedral, the fact of being surrounded by only one's own countrymen, and the associations of the day, bring back memories of home; of village churches, and green walks to them, of sombre London churches, aged, commanding reverence. It is pleasant too, about the same time, to walk along Malabar Hill to the farthermost point, where there is sea on all sides except where the rocky promontory, on the end of which you stand, crops up. Here is a large government bungalow, seldom, in my time however, inhabited by the governor. I think I have never walked to this point without having a dispute as to the exact

direction that England lies in. A broad view of the sea always calls up thoughts of home, and there is a strange comfort in talking at such times of one's mother, father, sisters, or even grandmother if the only relative though we know we are bound to the country for ten years.

And thus the day passes, and we dine quietly and go to bed quietly after our debauch of idleness. And the day always ends thus, however vigorous its beginning. After rising at three in the morning, leaving Bombay twenty or thirty miles of railroad behind at five, and three hours' hard ride after the hounds and a jackal, there is nothing left but a lazy, half-sleeping existence for the rest of the day. The heat of Bombay is terrible; the oppression from the unchange of people and things, from their belonging to no time, the same thousands of years ago, now, and thousands of years hence, is terrible. But the laziness of Sunday is delightful.

SOCIETY.

EUROPEAN society here is not in any sense missionary. I believe a man who has never been out of England knows as much of the manners and customs of natives of India as one who has lived in Bombay all his life. No attempt is ever made to imbue natives with a liking for English customs. All clubs, nearly all private houses, are tabooed to men even tinged with colour. Sometimes a member of council or a judge, such a man as knows by his position that his yearly income cannot be affected by the prejudice or caprice of his neighbours, ventures to ask two or three natives to a ball or evening-party; but even in such cases the experiment is hazardous, and the white-robed, dark-faced, courteous guests, distinguished from all others by their

dress and features, stand in the shade and cling together for sympathy, seldom or never spoken to by an European. I have heard natives complain bitterly of this social ostracism; and, in truth, the Hindoo, Parsee, or Mahomedan, who has been resident for any time in England and has there—as is invariably the case—been petted by all classes and received everywhere as an honoured guest, must feel very strongly the altered treatment he receives here on his return, and suffer probably some loss of respect for the English character. But, however natives may complain of such treatment, it can scarcely be avoided, and little positive blame, I think, attaches to the English, unless it be maintained that as residents we are bound to take all means, however unpleasant, to extend our form of civilization throughout the country. If we all met on an equal footing, common intercourse might be easy. But we don't. The Mahomedan, bound by his religion, must keep the ladies of his house out of sight; and,

you dining with him, the probability is that rustlings from a half-open door, or behind a closed lattice, make you nervously conscious of being closely watched, in the act of eating and unlawfully drinking, by females whom you yourself in return may never see. The Hindoo is fettered by all the rigid laws of his caste; eating with him is out of the question, and an ordinary European gentleman in his company suffers constant discomfort from a never-absent fear of offending some terrible caste law. The habits of life of Parsees more nearly approach those of Europeans. There are no difficulties with them as to the facts of eating and drinking or the presence of ladies in public. But there are certain impediments in the way of associating even with Parsees. The first time I dined with a Parsee the dinner was served *à la Russe*. There were three or four Europeans, and two Parsee ladies present. The first course was a large joint of beef, which was carried round the table by two men, and from which each guest, by

means of a large knife and large fork, had to solemnly help himself or herself. The next course consisted of an equally large joint of boiled mutton, served in the same way. And so the dinner went on. It was a great relief when we came to the ices. After dinner a Parsee lady sat down at the piano and played the opera of "Don Giovanni" through, from beginning to end, by means of her first finger. Now to dine and be entertained thus, once, is bearable, but to suffer such a thing frequently is possible, I think, only to a social missionary. Besides all these reasons to account for the absence of social intercourse between Europeans and natives, there is the fact that Europeans have always present before them the hope of returning home—a hope never surrendered. Anything, therefore, which tends to strengthen their connexion with this country is hateful to them, and there is a common determination to stick to old habits and customs whatever the inconvenience or even misery;—they wear, even in

this awful climate, tall black chimney-pot hats!

Any one coming out for the first time must, I think, be prejudiced against society. As soon as he has landed and got into a bungalow, or even hotel, he must begin calling. It is not etiquette for him to wait till he has met people; he must call at once. The labour is very great. I believe that by the extreme laws of etiquette a man should take a few hundreds of cards and drive all over Malabar Hill, Colaba, and Mazagon distributing them, but I never heard of this being followed. One man, indeed, boasted soon after his arrival of having called on sixty-two people; but I almost doubt the truth of his assertion. The best way is to get some friend to make out a list of those people you must call on, and then to take a hack buggy, or if you are proud a brougham, and, with the help of your boy, search out the bungalows. Calls must be made between eleven a.m. and two p.m. The thermometer at this time is, in the

cold weather, invariably above 80°, and in the hot weather ranges from 90° to 96°. Malabar Hill, where most of the people you have to call on live, is covered with casual roads, and the bungalows are unnumbered and scattered about in the most unlikely and inaccessible places. Your boy is almost sure to be utterly ignorant of where those people that you want live, and if he happen to know you are in equally bad case, for he only knows their names when pronounced in a certain peculiar way which you, as a new comer, are unacquainted with. Nearly all the roads are steep hills, and as, from your ignorance of the place, you can have no system in your method of calling, you generally find, when you have discovered one bungalow, that to get to another you must go up the hill you have just come down or go down the hill you have just come up. This makes calling laborious, and imbues men new to the country with a prejudice against society. I believe this fashion of calling was originated from the

idea that most men coming out to Bombay being absolute strangers to the place would, without some such method, be unable to gain friends or even acquaintance. There may have been a time when, society here being more free and natural, men could make friends by simply leaving cards at bungalows; but now, when society is as artificial as that of an English country town, and is divided into numberless different sets, such a system is of no advantage, and only obliges men to lay themselves open to the chance, or, certainty, of being snubbed. It could never, out here, be the business of a lifetime or two generations to build up a circle of friends. All residents are but too anxious to greet new faces. Every man who wants ladies' society could, I believe, get into some set without this objectionable opportunity of calling on every one; and nothing would ever make English ladies receive any one they disliked. It is not pleasant to call on Mrs. Civilian, Mrs. Merchant, or Mrs. Lawyer, to be received by

her with smiles and then missed out of a long list of invitations for her cold weather ball; it is not pleasant to sit next to either of the above ladies at a dinner-party, and receive for two dreary hours cold looks and no words, though by frequent grins and delicate attentions in handing the salt you have tried hard to start a conversation,—why? because you have not called; it is not pleasant to be smiled on and spoken with brightly, by either of the above ladies on the first chance meeting at a hill station, and treated on all future occasions as though wearing the cap of invisibility—why? Because you have not called. But there is at the same time a certain pleasure in being thus treated. When I first came to India I was cut three or four times by ladies for not having called. On each occasion, mixed with mortification, there was a peculiar feeling of gratification—not, it is true, a very refined feeling of gratification; it was akin perhaps to that which, as a short man, I always feel when putting on my boots with the ex-

ceptionally long heels. I was puzzled for some time how to account for this feeling, but at last determined it resulted from gratified self-esteem; it tickled my vanity to know that a lady who possessed a husband and a big carriage with two horses, should be so deeply impressed with the fact of my existence as to remember to cut me for not having called on her. I can never forget the obligation I owe to those ladies.

Ladies who have the good fortune to be wives of civilians,—however soon a civilian may die he leaves 300*l.* a-year for his widow, —are, I think, on the whole most particular about calling. Bombay suffers, as the United States are said by Englishmen to suffer, from the want of a resident aristocracy, and this want civilians do their best to supply. The men are generally of too good education, and conscious of too casual birth to assume extreme airs of superiority, though every young civilian has a bearing of good-nature and semi-insolence that shows he does not

question the fact of his superiority to the rest of mankind; but the women, like English bishops' wives, make up for the humility of their husbands. Gross insolence, however, which most poor men have had to bear from duchesses or wives of rich tradesmen in England, is unknown here, nor could it ever be tolerated in face of the fact that our very presence in Bombay proves us all to have something of the character of the adventurer or speculator. There is no doubt that civilians are envied by all other classes—army men, merchants, and lawyers. The civilian begins young in life with a good income, and a certainty that if he can stand the climate he will eventually fill some post of great responsibility. He takes precedence in society; he has passed a difficult examination, and so gets credit for brains wherever he may be. Not being in India, like most of us, simply for the accumulation of money, he feels interest in the affairs of the country, and so, making time for the study of general

literature, can talk better than other men, and therefore, apart from his position, is in great demand for dinners, balls, and badminton parties. I certainly think young civilians are conceited and somewhat supercilious, but I am not quite sure that they are so in fact. One especially I remember who came out about the same time as myself, and wore a tall black hat, gloves, and irreproachable trousers at all times when visible, and talked continually of the English language, exams.; and the stability of British rule in India. I thought him conceited, as I fancy many others did. But he told me confidentially one evening that he was always so careful of his dress in order to impress the natives, having been assured in England that good clothes and a tall hat were the best means for gaining respect and reverence in India. I met him a short time after at an out-of-the-way hill-station 5000 feet above the sea, where there was green grass. He was running down a hill, hand-in-hand with

a girl, both of them laughing loudly, hatless, with hair flying in the wind, too intent on keeping upright to notice me. I told him of this afterwards,—when I had been introduced to the lady I had seen him with as his wife,—expecting he would exhibit some chagrin at having been found apart from his gloves and tall black hat. But he laughed, and his wife laughed, when she knew what I had learnt of her running powers. So I believe he wore the hat and gloves, and talked of the stability of British rule in India from a sense of duty. And I know that clothes and hats impress natives deeply, for the Sepoys that stand along the roads at every fifty yards, invariably increase or decrease the number of salaams to me, as I have on better or worse clothes and hats.

Dinner-parties are but little different to dinner-parties in England; the wine, however, is almost always good. I have seen an attempt to make people drink bad champagne, but the result was terrible. Some

refrained from drinking at all, but the majority called at once for brandies and sodas. This conduct may appear rude; but bad wine in Bombay means fever, or sickness, or headache at the least. Dinner-tables are covered with flowers, brilliant red and white flowers from January to December. The rooms are always brightly lighted with candles and oil lamps, and the beauty of the flowers and picturesque costumes of the boys,—each guest brings his own boy to attend on him,—dressed in white, the Hindoos with turbans of all possible shapes and colours, make a Bombay dinner-party well worth seeing. The conversation at these dinners is generally not interesting. The men have been working all day, and want light amusement. There are no idle men out here. In England I believe there is a strong feeling, among the working members of society, against the race extant there of kid-gloved and well-born young men who pass their lives in dancing, and dining, and cultivating

the art of polite conversation. We have none of this race here, and their absence is terribly felt. Some young fellows boldly attempt to supply the want, but they always fail. They cannot assume the requisite manner of condescension and good-humour, which only idleness and consciousness of wealth and birth can give; and having been labouring all day fail to deliver common-places with sufficient energy, flippancy, and quaintness to make them interesting. Thus the burden of conversation falls on ladies, and by them is but feebly carried on.

The life of women is terribly monotonous. Their household duties are almost none, the climate preventing much exertion. In fact many ladies leave even the ordering of dinner to their butlers. If there be children they must remain in England, or wander about the bungalow, listless and white-faced, giving pain rather than pleasure to their parents. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; and, as some men find their health

far better here than in England, so it is with some children. It is sad, too, to watch a young girl just out from home; to note how surely her bright colour fades, and her light step grows heavy. What has she to look forward to? Men who have come to this country for money will not, whatever they may or may not do at home, marry till they are rich; the climate, fashion, and quickness of life prevent any friendship of sympathy growing up between men and girls; they meet only at balls and dinners, and now and again at a picnic; the familiar converse of riding or walking alone is seldom possible unless fathered by an engagement. So the best fortune a girl can hope for is to get soon a husband, so rich that he can take her each May to Mahableshwar or Matheran, and to Poona for the rains. She can hope for no part in his life; his struggle for position is over; he has attained it, and she comes to him, crowning the edifice, ruling over the furniture and dinners. Men in India leading

active lives can withstand the want of sympathy, but women, consciously or not, suffer terribly without it; they have no need to console their husbands for the losses of the day, to cheer them with hopes of a bright future; there are no green, cool walks or bright fires to give mutual rest after the monotony and fatigue of daily labour; hot day follows hot day with its chances of life varying as little as the thermometer.

But this dark side of woman's life out here is not made by them a cause of complaint; it serves but to show more strongly the sacrifices they can make for duty. Men go home from liver, women from liver and complications. Complications is only another word, I believe, for ennui. Women suffer in silence; they will not let their husbands know that the life they live is horrible to them. Whether they love or not they get a woman's satisfaction out of the feeling that they are sacrificing themselves for duty. They talk among themselves of their troubles and unhappiness, but

such things are secrets from men, and their wives continue to smile till they can smile no longer, and to keep life in their feeble bodies must perforce go home. But I would not be understood to say that the majority of women thus suffer. Many, very many, have better health here than in England, and many, too, prefer life in India to life at home; and if their lives are idle lives, with little home occupation, still they have here far greater opportunities for bestowing little kindnesses on others; and this gives to women, perhaps, the greatest happiness they can experience. I think the majority of married women in Bombay are happy, and happy because, as all over the world, they lead unselfish lives. But perhaps the happiest of all are those few, those very few, who are gifted with selfishness, good-nature, and a dairymaid's digestion; uncursed with sensitiveness or foolish love for green fields, laughter, and fun; whose intellects are satisfied with good dinners and good wine, and whose highest am-

bition is to be possessed of a husband, a carriage, two horses, and a bungalow costing Rs. 300 a month. These can be and are very happy here; and they are the happier in that the unkind fashion in England, which demands from people of such position that some part of their time shall be given up to charity, does not hold in Bombay, and so the whole twenty-four hours can be utilized in eating, drinking, much sleeping, and little driving and reading —the command to visit the widows and fatherless in affliction not applying, it would appear, when the widowed and fatherless happen to have dark skins. But these are very, very few.

The Governor of Bombay is the head of society, and stays in Bombay, when the weather is pleasant, and gives dinners and balls; and stays in Poona when the weather is pleasant there and unpleasant in Bombay, and gives dinners and balls; and stays at the hill-station of Mahableshwar when the wea-

ther is pleasant there and unpleasant at Bombay and Poona, and gives dinners and balls. The governor has also receptions, to which every one goes. I don't know why these receptions are held. In England, I believe, people stand the awful crush and heat of a Queen's drawing-room because the mere fact of being there proves they are of some position above the multitude, and the tickling consciousness this gives their conceit is more agreeable than the crush and heat are disagreeable. But here one has not any such consciousness. I do not say that native hucksters and small lawyers' clerks are inferior even to the heaven-born civilians, —and they are frequently more worthy of observation—but I do say it is hard to have to bear an hour's close contact with a thickly-packed crowd and get no reward, not even the consciousness of having established the right to better social standing than Mr. Nowrojee Bussenjee, keeper of "Europe shop. Books second-hand will buy."

But this hour of misery must be borne. It is said to be the fact, and is generally believed, that any man absenting himself will never receive an invitation to a governor's dinner or ball. And these dinners and balls are well worth going to. Dancing is not on the same footing here as at home; here women have choice of the footing, and the wall-flowers are men. I don't know anything more wretched than a London dance; I fancy nothing can be more enjoyable than a Bombay dance. The ladies are masters of the field; the men are outnumbered by two to one. In flock the ladies, married and unmarried, fresh from England, dried up from up country, pale-faced from Bombay, but all with cheerful expectation beaming in their faces, and unmistakable determination to be happy for at least a few hours. They don't come to flirt; they don't come to talk, or eat supper, or drink champagne; they come to dance, and they do with all their hearts what they have come to do.

Government house is at a place called Penel, about two miles from Malabar Hill, on the part of the island away from the lobster claws. It is a large house, as substantially built as any in England, not looking as though it would be blown away by the next monsoon as do ordinary bungalows. On the upper floor—where dancing goes on—there is an enormous room, painted in white and gold with wide corridors all round. There is an open terrace at the end looking over the garden behind. This view is glorious. When I was last there the whole place was lighted up with numberless lamps and the full moon was shining as it only shines in the tropics. I stood on the terrace, looking down a wide path, white with sea-shells, stretched straight away for one hundred yards or more, broken half-way by a fountain, whose waters rose up and fell, trickling and murmuring, broken into froth and bubbles now and again by the wind, and playing fantastically with all the colours,

red, blue, and yellow, gold and silver, that they could catch from the lamps or the moon. Lining the path on both sides and covering the ground to the right and left, except where other smaller, white sea-shell paths meandered, were strange plants, shrubs, vegetables, trees—what you will, with great leaves springing up from the ground to a height of ten, fifteen, twenty feet, immensely wide and immensely thick, of dark, ruddy red or light green; rising here and there were tall trunks, with enormous masses of brilliant red flowers for foliage; creepers thick and strong, with white blossoms hung from tree to tree. The lamps flickered and twinkled in their little glasses or through their bright papers; while, over all, the moon shone down, making every leaf, every drop of water, every broken shell, the very air, tremble and shake in tiny ripples, as though all space were filled with myriads of unseen baby sprites dancing in measure.

It is pleasant to dine with the governor, to see the long white table with masses of flowers and fruits covering it, the guests in brilliant dress and the boys—no outside boy may enter government house—all in white and bright red, with mighty turbans, standing round. It is still more pleasant, as sometimes it chances, to stay after dinner and singing and talking is over, and most of the guests gone, and drink and smoke even with the governor himself. Prettily are such after invitations given and not too exclusively, yet brandy and sodas thus taken and cigars thus smoked always imbue one with at least a suspicion of one's superiority to outsiders. You go home with Jones, who has been equally favoured with yourself, and find, without any astonishment, that you are conversing with him about the English nobility, and telling him of that delightful dinner you had with Lord John Smith at Richmond—there were only twenty others besides you two—or he is telling you, while you nod profoundly

as taking the gravest interest in what he says, about that interview of his with the Duke of Robinson at Oxford on the first day of June, 1871. You and Jones both sleep better after that peg drink and cigar smoked in the presence of her Majesty's representative, and your little snobbish mutual confidence about my Lord John Smith and the Duke of Robinson will always be a bond of union between you.

Besides the well-gloved, well-born, idle men, there is another class unrepresented in Bombay—men who are possessed of small competencies, or make small incomes by casual briefs or by casual writings. It is the habit of such men to be well read and to take interest in many subjects, but to have a foolish disregard for merely paying knowledge. Now, out here most men are Scotchmen, and, I suppose, a Scotchman never existed soft-headed enough to acquire knowledge simply from love of it, apart from the money or position it might bring; the

English are men picked out for this country because they can be depended on, or can depend on themselves, to stick to the high road leading to wealth, and leave unexplored the bye-ways that lead only to knowledge; while the Irish are so gifted with acute inner consciousness that there is no necessity for them to, nor do they ever, learn anything. So it is a most exceptional thing to see a Bohemian here, and if one does appear he never stays for any length of time. The place doesn't suit him, he is out of his element. He may have taken a high degree at Oxford or Cambridge, be of exceptionally good birth, well read and a good talker, tall and handsome. But it is of no good. A condition precedent to good repute is that he should have the power of sticking steadily to one thing—the very power, alas! that he is most wanting in. The heavy, stupid man who has no idea apart from his business or profession, who sits speechless with others or delivers dull platitudes, but who has the

power, and uses it, of steady application, is respected; while the Bohemian, who loves his fellow-men, who has a vast store of knowledge and experience, and can talk, but who has not the power of steady application, is despised. His entrance into a drawing-room causes a general smile. Poor fellow. So funny his coming out, no chance of making money; the last man one would expect to see in India. So the poor fellow, after vainly trying to feel interest in the fact of Miss Jones's having accepted Brown at last—the third time of asking,—or of Miss Robinson's having been heard at the Smiths' picnic to ask White to take care of her while she went to sleep, begins to look back with regret to the past, when scarcely a night went by but he, with the aid of sympathizing friends, reconstructed the whole map of Europe, or proved that Kant's philosophy was insufferable nonsense, or prophesied with unanswerable arguments the approaching destruction of English power; and, though living in rooms

forty feet square under a clear sky, and eating six courses for dinner each day, he begins to long for his fourth-storey garret, its mantelpiece and blazing fire, shilling dinners at eating-houses and low seats in the gallery of the Opera; and, soon, the longing becomes irresistible and Bombay sees him no more.

Now I think that the fact of men of this class being unable to exist here touches one of our greatest faults. We are all of us so absorbed with money-making, that we have no time to give to other things, and so despise those qualities or acquisitions which are of no use in the race for wealth. In past times when a fortune could be made in five or ten years this did not do much harm; but now, when most men have to spend the greater part of their lives in this country, and many cannot leave for home till all their years for labour are spent, the evil is very great. It may be perhaps true that five or ten years of a man's life expended in steady

application to one subject, even with absolute neglect of all others, may do good, may strengthen and balance his mind, while at the end of such time he may still have sufficient interest in general questions of art, science, and literature to commence fresh studies. But it is certain that a longer time so spent must have evil effects, and must lead to the man's interest being concentrated in that one subject he has so long pursued, a subject probably not of interest in itself, but attracting interest simply from its relation to the acquirement of wealth. I am afraid we suffer from these evil effects in Bombay. I am afraid when we meet, if awake, we confine our conversation to questions of picnics, balls, possible marriages, appointments, and shop. It may be said 'tis just the same in England, but whatever may be the conduct of the majority, there is a class of men in England to save the country from such a reproach.

But Bombay can boast of much greater

equality in society than England. Friendships and even acquaintances are made from liking, not from chances of birth, wealth and nearness of residence. Not that we have attained a state of republican simplicity. Jones, the successful advocate, very possibly gets lower bows and sweeter smiles from his lady friends than Brown who has just come out to a merchant's office on Rs. 400 a month; Robinson, the civilian, never finds a lady's ball programme full, a thing poor Brown is continually doing, and Mrs. Blank certainly cuts men riding in hired buggies. Every one, however, is cautious of treating his neighbours with more or less respect according to their position here. England looms in the distance; and there Brown, who is nobody in Bombay, may, with the aid of a noble father or blue-blooded relations, be a man whose acquaintance would be valuable; while Jones may sink into an unknown individual occupying lodgings in Baker Street or a small villa at Sydenham. Thus,

heiresses and men of independent means being unknown, there is for us nothing left but to determine our friends and acquaintance by liking; and though, perhaps, we do this not of free will, but by the force of circumstances, the result is good, and kindness and charity one to another grow and strengthen.

AMUSEMENTS.

SHOOTING tigers, and panthers, and elephants, and sticking pigs, are, I believed from what I used to read in England, the stock amusements of India. But, alas! I have never seen a tiger, panther, or elephant, except in a state of civilization at the Zoological Gardens, and so can't write truthfully about them; and, besides that, every other man you meet out here has a story to tell of the enormous tiger he killed last year, or of the fierce boar he stuck at the hazard of his life last cold weather; and, again, there are hundreds of books extant treating of the destruction of big game, not reckoning one or two stories each month in magazines; and, last of all, big game is not killed in Bombay, but far away up-country. So I have strong

reasons for writing nothing about these amusements.

Dancing, which at home is a phase of the social treadmill, is here an amusement, and is indulged in and madly enjoyed, unadulterated with flirting or scandal. Flirting is not common, and is invariably of a somewhat feeble kind. But many undoubtedly find great pleasure in it, and as hearts never break, and pale cheeks, though common, are the result of liver not heartache, no harm is ever done.

In the afternoon the band-stand, when a band is playing, is the place of fashionable, leisurely amusement. It is a distinguishing feature of Bombay society, that no invidious distinctions can be made or felt, we are nearly all in business, or, at the best, civilians; earls and dukes never appear to make us feel the hollowness of existence. Besides the band-stand, the Apollo Bunder is a favourite place of resort after the fatigues of the day; it is a stone-built wharf, jutting out into the harbour, and has on it an erec-

tion which, from a distance, looks like a railway station, but nearer is seen to be a refreshment bar. Here cocktails, pegs, and sherry cobblers are consumed in vast quantities. At these places, after five and before seven o'clock in the afternoon, crowds of carriages may be seen, and ladies seated enjoying the cool breeze—80°—and gilded bachelors leaning elegantly over the carriage sides, and entertaining the occupants with the latest fashionable chit-chat.

Don't let any one in England fancy that we out here are altogether different because we are out here. Not a bit of it. We take just the same interest in science, art, George Eliot's novels, scandal and prattle, as those who in carriages and on horses frequent Hyde Park.

"But my dear Mrs. Brown, she is beautiful, we have had nothing like her out for a long time. I do hope she will soon marry. Unmarried girls, you know, have such funny ways."

"Yes. I read it last monsoon. But Dorothea is so impossible, isn't she? So very good, and then marrying Ladislaw, impossible quite. And how beautifully she writes of babies, doesn't she? Dorothea's sister who marries the baronet, you know. Is not that beautiful about her baby, so well written, so clever, and true to life, and then to say George Eliot writes coldly!"

"And do bring some music, bring Ruby. It is *so* beautiful, and does suit your voice *so* much better than those stiff songs you *will* sing. People don't like classical music, Mr. Smith, and I know you like to please every one, don't you?"

We are fond of music so long as we are allowed to talk. A lady came out a short time ago, and declared it was not the fashion, when she left England, to talk while any one was singing; and she gave a dinner-party, expressly to introduce the new fashion into Bombay. But her tongue-tied guests looked so miserable, and those who sang so nervous

in the absence of the usual accompaniment, that her daring attempt quite failed, and was never repeated. Of course we have amateur tenors and baritones, and sopranos, and little quarrels about singing. Concerts are not different to concerts in England.

The town-hall, where they generally take place, has in its concert-room an enormous organ, on which is an enormous inscription, setting forth that the organ was presented to the town by Sir David Sassoon. There is also a grand piano, with a silver plate about a foot square on its side, stating that the piano was "the liberal gift of M. B. Servai, Esquire." The organ is generally in a state of repair, covered with rough scaffolding, and with extensive outworks of loose pipes, big and small, round it. The piano, with its inscription, looks very nice; but it is seldom played on, and when a concert takes place a second is invariably introduced for use. Music in Bombay is in the Claribel stage and there sticks.

But so many of us are Scotchmen that we are never without Scotch songs. When I hear and enjoy one of these tender quaint melodies, however, I always feel that I am acting meanly, that I am robbing Scotchmen of something peculiarly their own.

"Arre ye a Scotchman, sir?" I was asked, when I ventured to praise "Will ye ne'er come back again?" by a tall man whose eyes had looked misty as he listened to its singing, and he turned from me with disdain, when compelled by truth, alas! I confessed myself to be an Englishman.

But picnics are the best amusements, though they differ so much from picnics at home. The sky, except in the monsoon, is always clear, so a moonlight night can for a certainty be predicted after the day's work is over; twenty or thirty people—there ought not to be more, and they should all be friends, and if possible there should be two or three men and two or three girls, who it is known

beforehand will spoon—start in drags or in any buggies, bog-carts or broughams, for Vehar Lake, or some other chosen spot. Vehar is an enormous artificially-made lake, a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, sixty feet deep, surrounded on all sides by high hills or small mountains, eighteen miles from Bombay, and made purposely to supply Bombay with pure water, which it does through a big pipe, that can be traced and even walked on for miles down the valley. After a long drive, swiftly and steadily over good roads, and slowly and warily over bad ones, the lake is reached, and dinner or supper found displayed, lighted by a hanging roof of Chinese coloured lanterns, whose light, mixed with the moonlight, makes the bottles, pies, and meats, and glasses, all look as though made of jelly, shaken by a wind. The influence of the moon, Chinese lanterns, and champagne has an excellent effect on conversation. I don't think we shine generally in talking; but, on the occa-

sion of a picnic, tongues that were tied before for months break loose, and puns, dried by age, that at another time would be met with gloomy indifference, or direct insult, raise shouts of laughter.

One of the strangest things in Bombay is the intense interest that we all, married and single, young and old, take in our friends and even acquaintance getting married; and the exact information that every one seems to have, as to when Brown, Jones, or Robinson is going to propose. And at picnics are the preliminaries of such affairs generally settled, all who are lucky enough to be present doing their best to render circumstances favourable for the interested parties. To those at home it may seem mean and little for us to take this extreme interest, but I think it is natural when fairly considered. Six thousand miles from England we have, as a matter of course, more interest in one another's affairs than we should have had if meeting at home; notwithstanding our being so broken up into

sets, we all know each other, at least by name, and the loss of a good bachelor, or gain of a good hostess, is a great matter. And, besides, marriage is with bachelors a more envied and more coveted state here than at home. We have few or none of those distractions that are to be enjoyed in Paris and London; and by the force of circumstances, and good sense of women, married men are suffered by their wives to ride, hunt, play billiards, and even cards on their one holiday in the week, so that the advantages which bachelors in England sometimes venture to claim for kucha over pucka marriages don't hold here; and if we had the chance, which we have not, of making leasehold marriage agreements with English women, we probably should not take advantage of it. And girls, too, know that by marrying here early they lose no years of gaiety. In England marriage takes them from balls, concerts, and flirtation, to a stucco house with drains; shivering morning breakfasts and long days of isolation, with but

stucco for landscape, and the visits of the butcher, the baker, and organ-grinder, for life. But in Bombay marriage takes girls from dependence on their friends,—for no girls of independent means come out,—and from the terrible anxiety as to whether marriage will be gained before good looks are lost, to a life of ease and comfort, to a safe haven, from whose shelter the admiration of men may be enjoyed at ease. I have said that I believe the relations between men and women to be as pure here or purer than in England, and given as a reason the entire want of privacy in our life. But there is another and better reason which I think has something to do with this. It is the freedom men give their wives in choosing their friends; the calmness with which they suffer them to carry always the same tail of young men or young man, and the pleasure they really seem to experience when their wives are greatly admired. No one would dream of asking Mr. and Mrs. Jones to a picnic unless

Robinson were also invited; and Jones himself would be the last man to object to this, though he knows perfectly well that from the time he leaves Bombay to the time he returns he will not speak one word to his wife, and that she will be monopolized by Robinson the whole time. And this conduct of husbands, I think, makes unfaithfulness in wives almost impossible; for though there are not few women who can be guilty of any form of dishonour when watched and untrusted, there is not one in a thousand but will be true when left free and trusted. And the advantage also to men young to the country, in being able to obtain close and friendly intercourse with ladies, is incalculable. It keeps them in mind of home and home influence, and prevents their forgetting what kind of woman a lady is. Not seldom, too, do bachelors who, in England, from casual and slight acquaintance have fallen into a habit of despising women, learn on coming here, for the first time, to reverence them. They find out what cannot

be found out at home without marriage, and not always with marriage. English novels teach the self-sacrifice, unselfishness, and sense of duty of wives, and society vaguely accepts the teaching; but here, even to the youngest bachelor, we, by experience, are taught the same, and accept the teaching with our hearts.

Another amusement is that of shooting snipe, quail, and any other small game, and this, when the moon is full and you have a good novel, is simply glorious. Perhaps most do not enjoy it in the same way, or for the same reasons as myself, but I am afraid I can only write from my own standpoint of view. I did shoot a snipe once; but it took me five days—successive Sundays—and required an expenditure of seventy cartridges. I don't know how it was, but it was on every one of the five days a fact, that the birds always got up when the man out with me was ready to shoot them, but I painfully withdrawing one of my legs from three or four feet of thick

mud; or when, in sheer despair of getting a shot, I was walking with my gun at the trail. But there are other delights than that of mere slaughter involved in snipe-shooting. Think you have been in Bombay for months, grinding hard from morning to night in an office, feeling—as you always feel in harness—generally limp, as though your flesh, bones, and sinews had all turned to some one substance akin to dough, and your brain wanted cleaning, like a watch. And think again that at five in the evening of the hot day you have left your office and started on a bunder boat, a broad-beamed boat with two big lateen sails and a cabin raised at the stern with just room in it for two berths, for Panwell, ten miles across the harbour, and snipe-shooting. The air is cool—78°—the scenery of the harbour beautiful, there are thin clouds in the sky, and the sun sets in glory; the boat sails steadily along under a gentle breeze, and you lie over your cabin, reading the most interesting novel in the world, pausing now and

again to take in with your material eyes the ships, the sea, the mountains, and the sun, or with closed eyes to imagine dreamily in your consciousness beauties changed from those around you, while at every moment your thoughts are bathed in a halo of happiness from the never absent thought that you have no work, no anxiety, for twenty-four hours. And the sun sets and the moon gets up, and you can still read if you strain your eyes.

When I have made such excursions with a friend our store of provisions consisted generally of an all-blaze, a big beef-steak and chicken pie, a piece of beef, beer, claret, brandy and soda, bread, butter, and cheese. We invested also in an American kitchener, for which we paid the sum of Rs. 5. It was the most compact affair I have ever seen. There was a spirit lamp with two wicks, a tin pot of about a quart in measure, and a small pan, the whole fitting together into the tin pot. The worst of it was we could not get a chicken or leg of mutton

into the tin-pot to boil, and when we tried cooking mutton-chops or bacon on the pan, neither the chops nor the bacon would pull together in being cooked, some places here and there steaming away at a furious pace and getting dried up before others had left their starting-place of rawness. The ends of the chops, too, invariably persisted in hanging over the sides of the pan and getting, I don't know how, a mixed flavour of fish and benzine. But we made tea with it and, as we had plenty of time, were glad rather than otherwise that the water took thirty minutes to boil.

To shoot snipe you walk for five or six hours through thick mud, which always rises over your ankles, often over your knees and sometimes over your thighs. But after this hard work there is reward. It is delightful to take off your heavy, wet, muddy boots, socks, trousers, and coat; to get thoroughly clean and put on pyjamahs and a shirt; to drink beer and eat a quarter

of a pie, and to lie on your back and think India is not a bad place after all. And, still lying on your back and dreaming or reading or talking—but always with a pleasant feeling of having done your duty—it is delightful to sail back to Bombay, or, if the breeze fail, be rowed back. I believe I have said, or if not, am certainly going to say, that I think people here have little love of music. But this doesn't apply to natives. The crew of a bunder-boat will sing for hours at a time and never show the slightest signs of fatigue.

"If we sing, we row fast, if we not sing, we row slowly." "Get tired, Saheb? Never get tired all night. If we not sing, we get tired."

The only drawback to this love of music is the want of variety about the tunes sung. Every tune seems like every other tune, or differs only by a simple variation. But the words are original, made up on the spur of the moment and embrace a wide variety of

subjects. One man extemporizes a verse, and then the others take it up in chorus,—

"Saheb's god is the belly. Saheb eat meat.
Saheb's god is the belly. Saheb drink beer.
Burmid's god is woman. Burmid love woman."

Every conceivable subject is thus treated and treated with extremest want of respect, —I believe, once, I heard reference made to my repeated failures in attempting to kill a snipe. But natives worship success, and are incapable of understanding that failure may be glorious.

We are careless of life here, very careless; but in some things England goes far beyond us. I remember the consternation that polo players were thrown into by a picture in the "Graphic" a short time ago. It was a representation of polo as played in England. Twenty or thirty men on horses were crowded together in inextricable confusion, the men with bent sticks in their hands which they were using violently against the

heads, arms, legs, and bodies of horses and men that were nearest, the horses at the same time curveting, rearing, and kicking furiously, the only thing at rest being the ball, which lay quietly on the ground unnoticed in the furious encounter. I remember a man who disliked India looking gravely at the picture for a time, and then remarking with a smile, that he had an elder brother at home who played the game.

Polo is certainly the best game played in Bombay, and best suited, I think, for the climate. Golf, cricket, football, and rackets are all played; but the ground for golf is not good, the exercise at cricket is unequal, and that at football far too violent. Football is only played in the monsoon, when the ground is soft and the thermometer sticks morning, noon, and night at 80°. Strains are a common result in this relaxing climate, and the players in the midst of their extreme exertion, instead of flushing a healthy red, turn to a greenish-blue colour; the blood, I

suppose, having too little or too much time to go through the usual changes on its passage from the heart to the head. Foot-ball, too, is at present under a slight cloud, from a recent increase of death; liver and dysentery among young men having been laid to it as the cause. But at polo the exercise consists of a rough gallop, with moderate exertion for all parts of the body in turning and twisting and stopping the pony ridden in all conceivable ways. The game is played on tattoos, commonly called tats, or sometimes ponies; animals standing about thirteen hands, seldom or never over that height. Six to ten men generally play, and I can't imagine a more beautiful sight than to see a good player carry the ball from one end of the field to the other. When the way is clear he takes it along with him at a gallop, striking it hard and far; when opponents surround him, ride at him and bar his path, he turns, now quickly now slowly, to the right to the left, retreats, advances,

all the time nursing the ball gently with his stick, close under his tat's side, safe from the sticks of his adversaries. And thus I have not seldom seen the ball taken from one goal to the other, 300 or 400 yards, and a goal won.

And we row, and play badminton and rackets, chess, and whist rupee points.

But the best amusement of all, beating polo out of the field, is to leave Bombay and go up to some hill station. Each minute as you ascend into a cooler and more bracing atmosphere, you throw off some part of the horrible feeling of indefiniteness and confusedness of existence that is always present in Bombay; and when you reach the top, 3000, 4000, or 5000 feet above the sea, your bones feel definitely like bones, muscles like muscles, and flesh like flesh; while the brain has hardened and makes firm and distinct thoughts. No one who has not been to India can appreciate the delights of a cool climate. To sit over a blazing fire, to

sleep under two blankets and with closed windows for warmth, to shiver in the morning bath, give delights that only we, who pass the greater part of our existence in a climate where the thermometer ranges morning, noon, and night between 75° and 90°, and the air is crammed full of moisture, can experience.

MATHERAN.

ONCE, and once only since I have been in India, have I got away for three months to England, and then I had six weeks at home. I arrived in London. The whole time I was there a March wind was blowing, or a misty melancholy rain was falling, or a thick yellow fog held possession of all things. Nearly the whole time I was there I had a sore throat and a violent cold, so that I walked always with my handkerchief in my hand, which in India I had almost forgotten how to use. But, the whole time, I was happy, intensely happy. I could have lived for months in company with that cold and sore throat, my eyes smarting from yellow fogs, my bones racked by March winds, my clothes and body clammy with misty rain, in ecstatic happiness.

The weather was cool. The people I passed in the streets, their faces blank with misery at what they called the horrible weather, gazed at my happy face in astonishment. They could not appreciate their own climate; they had never been in India. They did not know the bonelessness of existence in the tropics, and so could not appreciate the delight I appreciated of feeling that I had bones, though the feeling might be through the racking of an east wind; they did not know the want of all strong or definite sensation when the thermometer sticks for months at 90°, and so could not appreciate the delight I appreciated, of feeling my eyes smart sharply and my body chill freezingly. I verily believe it would be worth the while of every one who could afford it to come to India for two or three years and steadily live in Bombay the whole time, bearing with patience the rains and the hot weather. Thereby hatred for London fogs, east winds, and rain would be changed to comparative

liking and a quite new pleasure in the mere feeling of cold would be experienced. I do not suggest that any such advantage would be gained by coming out for the two or three months of comparatively cool weather which we have,—a thing done by so many. The only result of that, would be as it invariably has been, to give an utterly false impression of Indian life and climate.

Now suppose that the time is the worst time in all the Bombay year, that the thermometer stands at 90° morning, noon, and night, and that you have so far approached a complete collapse as to know your bones have gone, to doubt whether your muscles remain, and to wonder—without dread, simply with curiosity, no change for the worse being possible,—how far off the time is when you shall resolve into a jelly-fish. And suppose at this time you get a month's leave. And suppose, again, as you cannot get to England and back in four weeks, you go up to Matheran? Then I say, that you go up to

one of the most delightful existences that can be conceived, even if Matheran be imagined infinitely higher than it is. Matheran in May is cool and fresh, so cool indeed that a blanket is wanted at night; the foliage of the trees is bright and green and the scenery is glorious. If then a London fog, a London mist, an English east wind, cold, and sore throat, are all delightful after Bombay life, what must Matheran be?

The best way of getting an idea of Matheran is to suppose that all the country round Bombay and inland was once a high table-land, rising 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea and that by the action of water this high land had, along the coast and some twenty miles inland, been washed down level almost with the sea, only leaving here and there isolated pieces of flat-topped table-land, standing up sheer from the plain and rising 2000 or 3000 feet, just as the isolated pieces of table-land stand up sheer in Saxon Switzerland. From Bombay inland, till you come

to the table-land left intact, you see many of these strange pieces left, and of them the largest is Matheran, thirty miles from Bombay in a direct line across the harbour, twice that distance by the railway, which has to go round the harbour. The railway takes you to a little station called Narel, at the foot of Matheran, a yellow brick-built station, standing in a yellow, dried-up country where all the grass that there is, is burnt up and yellow, and the few green trees that there are scattered about look strange and out of place, as though they had been blown down from the great mass of green tree-covered Matheran towering above them. A crowd of natives with a crowd of ponies surround the door of the station, and as you come out greet you with loud cries:—"Here very good tat, Saheb." "Here best tat, Saheb!" "Here Tommy Dod, Saheb take." Sorry-looking animals are these tats, standing about 13 hands or 13.2, chest-less and with thin, feeble quarters; but

they can go, and will canter up the six miles to the top of Matheran—2500 feet —in an hour. The ride up Matheran is a strange ride. The path turns and twists, cut, for the most part, out of the perpendicular side of the mountain; so that when you stand and look below on the land you have left, down close at your feet stretching away flat, into the distance, you seem standing in the air. And this delusion is strengthened by the increasing feeling of lightness experienced as the damp hot air gradually loses its dampness and heat, as you rise, getting perceptibly dryer and cooler at each 100 feet gained, and changing to a delicious coolness and dryness when Matheran itself is reached. I cannot possibly give any adequate idea of how intense is the pleasure in mere sense of existence on first attaining Matheran, after months in the vapour-bath of Bombay. I know I have myself left Matheran and gone back to Bombay for a time, that I might again return

and experience again in perfection this pleasure; just as, in England, for a like yet reverse comparison, I have stood out of a warm-bath to shiver, and so on returning to enjoy more fully the hot water. And when Matheran is reached, besides the delight from the cool, dry atmosphere, there is the delight felt in complete change. You ride through soft green trees, along narrow winding roads; nothing can be seen that looks hot and thirsty. And when, at last—this "at last" may mean many hours spent in finding the right way,—I will not say lost, for it seems right and proper to be unable to find civilized habitations in so wild a place,—you reach your bungalow, the change is still as striking, still as pleasant. There are no punkahs in the rooms, no dried up crumbling rocks and bare cactus bushes in the compound; but the rooms have doors, solid wooden or glass doors, not mere venetian-blinds, and the compound has flowers and green trees filling it full to overflow.

And when dinner is over, instead of falling into heavy, motionless, unrefreshing sleep, you move your chair to the garden and sit, perhaps silent perhaps talking, but not sleeping, in the darkness, with the bright, tiny lights of countless fireflies flitting round you, and the buzz and hum and whisper and chirp of countless insects sounding throughout space. And if your bungalow—as it is almost sure to be—is built near to an edge of Matheran's precipitous sides, and you have moved your chair—as you are almost sure to have done—to within a few yards of this edge, you can see the little fires of the little villages on the land below, shining up through the darkness; and you can hear the voices of the villagers rising up clear, now in full, chattering conversation, again in mournful, monotonous chants. And as you can trace in the darkness no more material connexion than air between yourself and the land 2000 feet below, the feeling that your home is floating, that it is a

modern Laputa—without its inhabitants—is almost irresistible. And the perfect rest, the coolness, the sleepy sounds from the insects, the fantastic ideas called up by the light of the fireflies, the change of all things from glaring, thirsty, money-turning Bombay, make existence seem translated from earth to fairy-land. But the sleep that follows there is no doubt about. It is real, and human; not, as below, resembling the stillness and whiteness of death, but full of life and breath,—not entirely free, in fact, from snoring.

The top of Matheran is a flatly undulating plain, covered almost completely with trees and shrubs, a few small grassy openings existing here and there. All over this top are bridle-paths of thick red dust: no carriage of any description can get up Matheran, and the only means of locomotion are horses, ponies, and palkis. The longest path of all is perhaps five miles, or six, or seven,—it is impossible to state the exact length, for, except a long fairly-straight inland wide path, running

from one end of Matheran to the other, all the paths turn and twist, shoot forward and then back, so suddenly and so often, that one cannot get any definite idea of the distance walked along them. And these paths for the most part meander at the very edge of the top, the edge not regular anywhere but broken and running inland,—in description. I can only think of Matheran as an island,—where deep narrow gulfs oblige it to retreat, and running far out again to long, rocky peninsulas. And at the extremities of these peninsulas, or *points*, as they are called—Chowk Point, Panorama Point—the strangest of strange views appear. Now I doubt whether any one coming to Matheran direct from Devonshire, Wales, or any part indeed of England where there are trees and not absolutely flat ground, would be greatly struck with the beauties of Matheran. There are beautiful trees doubtless, delicate shrubs of tender green and the finest of fine small leaves, but I do not think there is anything

in foliage or view sufficiently in contrast with home scenery to excite great wonder or enjoyment in any one new to the country. It is the change, the comparison of climate and scene, that makes the place so delightful to residents of Bombay. But to any one, one day or fifty years in the country, the views from the different points must be wonderful and new. These points run out narrowly, sometimes very narrowly, from the great body of Matheran, like the deformed irregular arms of a deformed star-fish. Standing at the extremity of one of these points, the sides falling away precipitously, unseen, to the flat land two or three thousand feet below, —land which you can see, dim and colourless, close below you on all sides, except where the place you stand on runs back and joins Matheran — you are surrounded by great fantastic masses of grass and rocks, rising up abruptly in the distance from the flat land, looking so much more substantial than that on which they rest, that they seem suspended

in their fixed positions by some law opposed to gravity. And seeing, for the first time, these strange forms, it is impossible to believe man has had no part in their creation. When they begin to rise from the plain and till nearly their top, they have nothing exceptional in appearance. They are covered with brown earth or yellow grass, dark boulders cropping out here and there. But their tops are great masses of bare light brown rocks, denuded of all earth by the yearly torrents of rain,—yearly deluges rather, for at Matheran, in the three months of rain, 300 inches often fall. And these bare rocks—because I suppose it is their nature—have, under the constant action of water, assumed every variety of true architectural form, assumed the forms so exactly that at first sight they *must* be taken for man's work, and even when experience has taught that God alone has fashioned them, it is easy, by long gazing, to defeat experience and again believe they came from the work of our own hands. One great mass seems

crowned with a great fort, another with a palace of intricate work, another with a high steepled cathedral, another with a city of flat-topped houses. And the plain below looks so bare, colourless, burnt up, so lifeless and ill-adapted for life; and the great rocks rising high above the plain look so cool and habitable, and their summits appear so certainly to be crowned with man's work, that the whole land seems a new strange land where no life is, because of the heat; driven out by the heat, except where, here and there, mountainous rocks rise up out of the heat and give small refuges to men.

And on all sides where these mountains, or hills, or rocks appear, they are all of nearly the same height, and on their sides, where the rock crops out, are horizontal lines rising one above the other, from the bottom to the top, each line to be traced running at the same level in continuity over the face of every side of every mountain visible; as though there had, in fact, once been a vast sea, and

these mountains had been but tiny islands in it, and the land through ages rising, the sea falling, had left behind indelible marks of its changing levels. The whole scene is very strange, very wonderful.

Of all these mountainous rocks the strangest are the so-called *Cathedral rocks*, a group standing close together, so close that their bases touch. One of these is called Bao Malung (the Two Brothers), and on this there is really some work of man. The Two Brothers rises up from the plain a tree-clad pyramid, till within about 200 feet of its summit. Here the trees end, on a long narrow plateau 2500 feet high. But from this plateau rises again a high narrow ridge of bare rock, with broken perpendicular sides. Crowning this ridge stand two old Mahratta forts. They are, or rather were, approached by two series of steps, the first rising from the plateau to the first fort, cut out of the perpendicular side of the ridge; the second rising from the first fort to the second which

stands 100 feet above the first), cut out of the perpendicular side of the ridge. In 1857, when it was feared the Sepoy mutiny might spread to Bombay, the steps were so blasted away that the forts could only be approached with difficulty, but they are still to be attained by any one with a fairly steady head. There is no difficulty in the first series of steps; even now they are nowhere less than three feet in width. But there is, I think, some difficulty in the second series. The path leading from the first fort to the second runs at first horizontally along the face of the ridge, and then again begins to mount. At this point the path seems really dangerous; the ledge on which it squeezes itself is very narrow, not more than twenty inches. As you stand, you look down on the precipitous side of the rock, so that there is nothing below you for a hundred feet, when come clumps of trees, patches of yellow grass and broken rocks, sloping sharply down to the plain; above you is again the precipitous side of the

rock, sloping overhead the wrong way from the perpendicular, so that you stand uncomfortably; behind is the path traversed, shrinking so quickly that it is soon invisible, and in front is the path to be traversed, broken narrow steps rising sharply on the face of the rock, blasted away so completely, to the eye, in places, that only the smooth face of the rock seems left. And, in fact, there are places in the second series of steps where the foothold is so precarious that even native grasscutters have found it necessary to make holes in the rock for their hands. There is nothing remarkable in the forts themselves when reached, they consist only of cuttings in the rock for rooms, water-tanks, storage; and of cuttings out through the sides, so as to enable the defenders to fire down on those approaching. But it is strange to stand on the higher part of the ridge where the second fort stands. This part of the ridge is but twenty or thirty feet in width and divided from that part where the first fort stands by a deep

break. The whole time I remained on that small spot, nearly 3000 feet high, I was oppressed with the feeling of want of equilibrium so often felt in looking down a precipice. And the other cathedral rocks standing round in a half-circle made so fantastic a landscape—a landscape so utterly unlike anything I had seen or even dreamt of before, that I could not appreciate what I saw as absolutely real. Nowhere else can so strange a sight be seen.

During two months of the year do people most frequent Matheran, May and October, when the heat of the plains is most unbearable, and during these two months, luckily, is Matheran coolest. The great majority of those who come up follow the same course of living. He to whom Matheran is new spends his first three or four mornings and evenings, or possibly the mornings and evenings of his first week, in riding out to the various points and looking at the strange landscapes below. Then Matheran is "done," and the new-

comer joins the ranks of those who have "done". Matheran in former seasons, and with them occupies his time for the future in lawn-tennis and badminton. It may seem strange that people who get at the most one month in the year among green trees, should spend that time chiefly in one spot, engaged in games which they can play the whole year round; and this may suggest a want of appreciation for scenery. But it is the desire for human society, common to all, which leads men and women thus to congregate at Matheran. Longing for beautiful scenery may be strong, yet with us longing for human society is stronger. For in Bombay it can scarcely be affirmed that our society is human. We eat, drink, work, and play, it is true, but as machines rather than men; we have, in fact, bones and muscles, but as far as sensation goes, we are jelly-fish. And, so doing and feeling, we perhaps do not get that pleasure from one another's society which might ordinarily be expected. But all is changed

the moment we get 2500 feet above the sea. And great as is the change of Matheran itself from Bombay, still greater is the change of every individual at Matheran, from even the same individual at Bombay. In fact, it seems that the eleven months of inaction, which so many of our human attributes have suffered in Bombay, have served to strengthen them when again brought into play. Brown, who in Bombay is seen but at the Bunder, silent and morose, or at dinner-parties, sleepy and sarcastic, comes out at Matheran as the most cheerful and kind of men; Robinson who, below, engages in all games with a savage vindictiveness, expressing moody pleasure at victory and moody displeasure at defeat, above, shows the greatest consideration for his adversary's feelings, and, when defeated, gives unfeigned congratulations to the other side; and countless men, whose names were never heard of before, suddenly start into notoriety as sayers of good things or good players of games. Because time at Matheran

is chiefly taken up with lawn-tennis and badminton it is not therefore wasted. In meeting together at these games in cool, pleasant weather, we learn more of each other's characters than years of intercourse below could teach. We learn to respect and like one another. When one man abuses another in Bombay—an unfrequent occurrence, for we are good-tempered—he will often add, "But it's scarcely fair to judge of a fellow in this d——d climate." And the condition is but reasonable; it is impossible to show the best side of one's nature in a vapour-bath.

There is a very general belief that flirting, dangerous flirting, is common to all Indian hill stations. Now I do not join at all with this belief. I have written something already on the subject; but I think the belief is so grossly unjust to Indian ladies, that I shall not fear to write more. It may be the belief was in past years well based; how that may be it is impossible now to determine. Formerly there was but little ladies' society in

India, and that almost entirely of the wives of army men. Whether much unoccupied time is, alone of itself, the cause, or the devil's use of idle hands, service in the army appears to prevent a due appreciation of the sacredness of the relation between man and wife, and engenders admiration for men carrying on successful intrigues with their friends' wives. So, formerly, when ladies were few and temptations many, they may have been generally guilty of dangerous flirting. But there has been a great change lately. The number of ladies has increased enormously, and they are not only the wives of soldiers, but of merchants, civilians, and lawyers. Now the ideas of ladies in general depend in a great measure on those of the men they meet; and merchants, civilians, and lawyers, whose days are passed in continuous wholesome work, can enjoy only wholesome amusements, so that—and from the strong sense of the rights of property with which merchants especially are imbued—amusement which in-

volves probable deterioration of the property of others is distasteful to them; while, from the prejudice every man has in favour of his own mode of life, such men look with contempt on an occupation which has for its object neither the attainment of health, money, or position. So with these men flirting has no standing, and no admiration is felt by them for an individual carrying on a successful intrigue; some, indeed, look on the pursuit of the virtue of a man's wife by his friend as an offence against religion, but generally the subject is not viewed in the abstract. A great proportion, therefore—perhaps a large majority of men now in India,—viewing dangerous flirtation, not with hatred, but with the more destructive feeling, contempt, it must follow, by influence, that all ladies must in some measure experience this feeling, and so flirting itself be not altogether in fashion. I think a strong argument in favour of the view that the man working honestly respects his neighbour's wife, and

that idleness, chiefly, leads wives to become respondents, may be drawn from the Divorce Court. I believe I am right in saying that in nearly every suit the man co-respondent will be found to be an idle fellow, and nearly every wife sought to be divorced a woman with too much time on her hands. But, however that may be, it is, I think, certain that when a lady finds she gains nothing by having a constant following of the same infatuated young men at her carriage-wheel—no social advantage, not even enviable notoriety,—she will no longer suffer her constant following; and that, still more, will she eschew questionable conduct when she finds that it brings on her the contempt of many she respects. All these reasons, I think, show that it is not probable English ladies in India should be guilty of dangerous flirtation; and most certainly in Bombay, as far as I can judge, they are not, in fact, guilty. There are exceptions to every rule, but I most assuredly believe that ladies here are as true and simple in their conduct

as ladies in the same station at home. As in England, so in India; husbands may weary of wives and wives of husbands, and so seek amusement beyond their own homes. But such amusement is as innocent, and as innocently sought, I believe, here as in England; and, besides, we invariably eschew everything Indian in manner or custom; and the pursuit of the virtue of other men's wives is a very common amusement among natives, even the highest in rank, and has been reduced by them almost to a science. I am sure that the prejudice in England which accuses ladies here of this offence is most unjust, grossly unjust; and the prejudice is more annoying because the offence charged, besides being contemptible, is, in this country, vulgar.

But though, as I have said, I think those coming to Matheran make a good, perhaps the best use of their time in meeting together for lawn-tennis and badminton, still they thereby miss all the chief beauties of the place. They know of nothing but the top,

and even that they know but slightly. Now this top, green as it is with trees, and fresh and cool as it looks after Bombay, is in fact dry; and its roads, to tell the truth, are dusty in the extreme. And nowhere is water to be found but in one place, an unhappy-looking artificial lake, with muddy or dusty banks, on which a crowd of water-carriers with their weary bullocks and dirty leathern water-bags is always moving wearily. And fresh and dark as the great masses of trees are, still every landscape in the distance seen over these as foreground, under the cloudless dazzling sky looks thin and washed out, like a faded tinted photograph. But all this is changed when the top is left and the steep, often perpendicular, sides explored. From the monsoon torrents all the best part of the earth is continually being washed down from the top, and through hundreds of years has got piled up in favourite places here and there, filling small and great crannies in the rocks, and forming a great plateau, half-way up the side, running a third

of the way in-and-out round Matheran, in some places two or three hundred yards in width. To get down to this plateau from the top is troublesome, but once reached the trouble is more than rewarded. Nearly all the ground is covered with a thick forest of teak-trees, their great trunks rising up, never ending in all directions; leafless till getting almost misty above, where there is a dark, green canopy of leaves. The shade is so perfect that, even in the middle of the day, the sun can only touch the ground in a thin network, and the trees are so high and their leaves so far above the ground, that there is nothing to stop the cool breeze, which always blows at Matheran, from being felt. And all this plateau, having the best earth to be found by the monsoon at the top for soil, and getting all the year round a constant supply of moisture oozing through the rock from above, is soft and almost damp under foot, in colour dark brown or green with grass, not red and dusty. Besides the teak,

there are here also mango-trees; and in May the way under them is often found strewed with their fruit-stones, showing that the fruit itself has been torn away by sharp teeth. This has been by monkeys, the chief inhabitants not only of the forest, but of all the rocky precipitous sides. And where the forest gets thinner and lower, it is impossible to go a mile over this plateau without meeting a herd of ten or twelve small monkeys or a solitary big grey monkey. And they look down on you from the trees above and chatter angrily at you, and then, still chattering, scamper away in a body, from branch to branch, their arms and legs and long tails in constant motion, till they are lost to sight and hearing in the distance.

On this plateau, generally on little breaks in the forest where no trees are, and the open spaces protected from too great heat of the sun are green with grass, are always a few native families squatting. (I hope my perpetual references to green grass, as something

intensely delightful, may not be treated with contempt by readers in England, though I fear greatly. For green grass is a common thing in England. But here it is so rare that when seen it gives intense pleasure. The first thing on returning from India that strikes one at home as delightful, is, after the spectacle of many ladies walking about out-of-doors, which seems most to attract men gone home, the greenness of the grass.). Walking through the forest you come on these little occupied openings suddenly. The homes of the squatters are the most casual habitations that can be imagined, thin wattle-and-daub huts, often with so little daub that they can be seen through. As you pass in the daytime the men are away at work, the women probably at home grinding corn. But as you approach the sound of the grinding stops, then a dog or dogs,—there is to every native village, however small, at least one dog,—begin to bark, and then as you get nearer a crowd of little chil-

dren,—there seems always a crowd of little children to every native village, however small, —rushes out towards you and stops suddenly at a respectful distance, and stares gravely at you, every little child absolutely naked.

These squatters seem to spend the greater part of their lives in grass-cutting, and in carrying the cut grass on their heads up the most dangerous paths they can find to the top of Matheran. They will not take the slightest trouble to go one yard out of their way for a safe ascent; but wherever they may have cut their load, from there they at once begin walking up. So that every side of Matheran is literally covered with these coolie paths, except where the rock is so absolutely smooth that there is not even the shadow of foothold,—for a tuft of grass an inch square is more than enough for a coolie's foot.

It was in exploring certain of these paths that I first discovered the chief beauties of Matheran. I have praised the plateaux

round Matheran as moister than the top, but even on the plateaux, water, in pure unmixed existence, is seldom to be found. Only in one little spot do I know that it exists in perfect clearness,—a small, moist, grassy, shady spot, with trees not too near to dry it,—and here its value is so properly appreciated, that the little rocky basin in which it stands is always kept by the inhabitants covered from the air with a thick covering of big leaves. But in exploring the coolie paths running up the sides, I found healthy clear water in many more places than one. And where water is, there invariably is beauty and strangeness of life to extravagance. Now, as I write, the thermometer stands at 90° and I know it will keep there for days, and, worst of all, for nights; the air is damp and hot, no wind moves the paper on the table in the open verandah, and the trees, the yellow grass, the grey sea, the bungalow itself, all look weary. By comparison, a coolie path on the side of Matheran seems a path in heaven

and a rocky basin of water on the side of Matheran a resting-place in heaven. I will try to give a sober description of these paths, these resting-places; but, feeling as I confess I do, I have some fear lest I exaggerate.

Stand at any point you like on the top and look down over the side, and if the side is not an absolutely smooth perpendicular precipice, begin, from where you are, to walk down. In a few steps you are sure to strike on some one or other of the hundreds of coolie paths. Away it goes, always down, never turning to the right or to the left, so long as there is an inch of get-at-able foothold below; now deep in the rocky side, so deep that the air is darker, again out in the open, almost dangerously over a smooth descent of slippery grass; and, again, dangerously from small clump to small clump of dry grass, on the face of a smooth, almost perpendicular rock. The pleasure of going over these paths depends not alone on their strangeness and beauty. Your self-esteem

is delightfully tickled at every point where you may stand, for the pathway above you and below invariably looks so dangerous, the idea comes of itself that you have braved and are going to brave peril, while your common-sense is little hurt at real danger. For a certainty almost, as you go on, you come to some place with trees and grass, where the trees and grass are greener and all things fresher than around. Leave the path and follow the line of greatest freshness. Then at each step the grass is greener; and the way leads into a deep break in the rocky side, and there are more and more trees. Then, when you are in deep shade, you hear the trickle trickle of water and a few steps more lead you to a rocky basin of clear pure water, full and running over from a tiny supply dropping in from rocks above. The sound of the water is indescribably pleasant. Every one who has walked in Europe among hills, knows how delightful is the sound of falling or running water. If then it is de-

lightful where it is comparatively common, what must it be at Matheran where it is most rare? And besides the sound of the falling water there are, as you come close to the spot, the sounds of small life, disturbed and retreating at the unwonted intrusion of man. The water in the rocky pool is transparent down to its rocky bottom, except where its surface is disturbed by the constant drops trickling always from above, and bringing down with them in their tiny course a tiny supply of earth and stones. Round the water are dark broken rocks, great and small, and over some of them water is slowly running, taking away their dulness; and by the margin of the rocky pool, and here and there in small patches is soft green grass bright and fresh with ferns, some of small tender green leaves, and some tall and yellow; while all around rise up high the trunks of great trees, their leaves above keeping out the glare of the sun. There is perfect stillness in the air, for the spot is too deep in the

rocky side for the wind, always blowing, to touch it, only now and again is there a distant sound of the wind stirring the topmost leaves of the highest trees. But the stillness does not make the too great heat of the sun to be felt, for the rocks and water and trees preserve always shade and coolness. And, high up on Matheran's steep side as you are placed deep in a broken cleft, the landscape, which, seen from above under the sun's open glare, looks thin and colourless, here looks vigorous, and is full of soft colour; the deep framing of dark rocks and thick green foliage through which it is viewed, suffering beauties to be seen which are lost when the pale burning sky in the full sunlight, is the only setting. And, after you have sat quietly at the rocky pool for a little time, all the small life that had been startled away, returns. Infinitesimal birds of brightest plumage with strange feathers, tails, or crested heads; and huge butterflies, still brighter in colour,

come back to the clear water, and fly and flutter round it, and perch on the rocks and look at it; you, yourself, unheeded by them so long as you move not, except when some tiny bird led by impudent curiosity approaches you wilfully, and rests near you for a few minutes to stare at so unwonted an intruder. And timid lizards, small elegant lizards, come and bask on the rocks in the softened sunlight; and enormous beetles—not objectionable beetles, but scrupulously clean beetles hard and shining, of bright blue and green—crawl clumsily over the grass, only now and again exerting themselves to fly, which they do with a prodigious amount of noise, and invariably manage to come to rest by driving full tilt against a rock or tree. If a naturalist told me that these great beetles spend all their lives in constant and quick repetitions of the acts of flying, stunning themselves against trees or rocks, recovering, flying again, and so on, I should believe him. And some-

times from the trees around, the stillness is suddenly broken by a chorus of shrill piercing chirps, that grows quickly louder and louder till almost unsupportable and then, as quickly, dies away again. This, I believe, is from some species of the cicada. But the noise troubles in no way the infinitesimal birds, the great butterflies, the lizards and beetles. They still go on flying and fluttering and resting and crawling over and round the clear water. And sometimes on the trunk of a tree, near the ground, you can see a great mass of what looks like black tangled wool with long thin hairs. This is in fact a vast congeries of spiders, with the smallest of small bodies, but legs of the most enormous length. And if you approach the mass you find it is in constant, confused motion; and, if you touch it, it dissolves instantly and each individual set of legs of the millions there, starts off in quick retreat on its own account, and the ground seems darkened with a dark materialized St. Vitus's

dance. But if you object to spiders they need not trouble you at the water, for they live only on the trees, too far off generally to be seen unless sought for.

I look back with intense pleasure on my visits to Matheran, and I look forward with intense pleasure to future visits. And let no one who has never suffered and survived two seasons of hot weather in Bombay, hold the pleasure too great for so small a cause. The scenery of Matheran is itself beautiful and strange. But, apart from this, residence in Bombay gives a pleasure in afterwards enabling one simply to feel the coolness of Matheran, and to see its fresh greenness which those who have not been blessed and cursed with enforced residence in Bombay can in no way feel.

MAHABLESHWAR.

MAHABLESHWAR is simply Matheran irregularly magnified. It is twice the height and ten times the size, so much cooler that besides blankets at night, fires in the day are wanted; the journey from Bombay to Mahableshwar costs nearly ten times the Rs. 10 of a journey from Bombay to Matheran; the trees are bigger, the roads are bigger and instead of being mere bridle-paths are broad carriage-ways, so that carriages, driven up sixty miles from Poona by the road made from that town, can go all over the place; there is much more water, and always some few waterfalls at least running. But I like Matheran better than Mahableshwar,—perhaps because I know it better.

LOAFERS.

THERE is sentiment about beggars in England, and perhaps theirs is the only calling a man can adopt with honesty and independence. The beggar sands no sugar, asks no attorneys to dinner, neither bears nor bulls the market, and flatters no minister or nobleman for a bishopric. His position in the community is recognized by all; and, if the law regards him with disfavour, the fact but lends more of zest to his life, every penny earned being a blow to his enemy. I can fancy a beggar in England loving, and proud of, his life. From rich and poor, noble and humble he receives common favours; the pennies in his pocket from my Lord Tom Noddy and Betty the nursemaid chink together in equality, and every mouthful he takes tells him there

is charity in the world. And he is not alone. He has numberless friends of the same profession scattered throughout the country, from whom he can obtain sympathy in good and bad fortune, and at all times, amusement. And beggars must have a choice society and conversation not unvaried. Most may be illiterate, but many are learned. "Odi profanum vulgus," cried our coach in Wales, as he saw a beggar clear off his rags and enter the same pool of water with himself. "Et arceo," he went on, as he reached the bank. The beggar laughed and shouted, "Favete linguis," and we fraternized and talked, and the beggar had tiffin with us and knew more and spoke better than even our coach himself.

But the European beggar in Bombay, the loafer, is in no such enviable case. He is a solitary fellow, only appearing on occasion, and forced, if he want companions, to find them among natives, a thing hateful to him; for pride of race is stronger, the lower the

descent in the social scale. His position in the community is not recognized. He can't put out his hand for pice to passers-by, when in every street there is a black fellow, blind and led, whining on a like errand; he must attack his fellow-countrymen with a written statement of misery, and stand long questionings as to his state; must sacrifice his independence. And the law pursues him remorselessly; will not condone his existence, but strives its utmost to wipe him out altogether. If he has come from a colony and is taken, away he goes back again, and the Strangers' Home only allows his presence, for a time, when out of work. He has no *locus standi* here, he is not honest, not independent. The true loafer hates work, will have nothing to do with it. But none of us, striving as we all are for money, will give without reason shown; so the poor loafer has to beg, borrow, or steal a respectable coat, wash his face and hands, and write out himself, or get a friend to write out for him,

a statement of his grievances and request for aid,—to start in business, to go to Calcutta where he has friends who will help him, to return to England where he is sure of work, or, in extreme cases, even to pay his washerman's bill. The loafer's life is hypocritical and straitened; as hypocritical and straitened as if he belonged to one of the learned professions.

A one-armed, red-haired man, with a dress that was neat but looked unaccustomed to its neatness, and a face that was clean but looked unaccustomed to its cleanness, came to me for money to help him, and his aged mother, to pay their passage to Burmah. He brought a beautifully-written petition, and had already, as it appeared by that, collected Rs. 280. Just Rs. 300 was the amount wanted. When I next saw the man he had got the full amount, and from that time he disappeared for two months or more. Then he returned with a second petition, equally well-written with the first, praying that the benevolent

and open-hearted merchants, barristers, and solicitors, as well as gentlemen in Queen Victoria's army, would favour him with the small sum of Rs. 150 to enable him to start in a business where success was certain. The man was as neatly dressed as before, his face as clean, but changed, in that it had assumed a bright ruddy tint; the spending of the Rs. 300 had caused that alteration, I fancied, while on the nose was an incipient blossom.

"So you found nothing to do in Burmah?"

"Nothing, sir. Didn't stay a day, sir. Had fears of my aged mother's health."

"And the Rs. 300 is all gone?"

"Every pi, sir," replied the man cheerfully, "though I staved off as long as I could and, as my nose will show you, got fever in consequence. But now, sir, by the blessing of Providence and you gents, there is a chance for me going into business with a Parsee and supporting my aged mother."

"And if you fail?"

"Then, sir, by the blessing of Providence and you gents—"

Trust in Providence is always suspicious, but trust in Providence and you gents, was, I thought, beyond suspicion; and I sent the man away. Only many successive seasons of full harvests from petitions, could account for such a two-stringed trust.

About the same time another man, but of very different character, it appeared, came to me. He seemed accustomed to cleanliness and neatness; brought no petition but a handful of letters, and asked simply if I could find him work.

"You see, sir, though I got turned out of the police at Dhinpore because they didn't want so many, the superintendent he gave me a good character; and the doctor won't pass me for the police here, as this letter says. I haven't got a friend in Bombay, sir, to help me. I've tried hard for work, very hard, and the Strangers' Home they won't let me stay if I don't get any. I'll

take anything I can get, so as I can live."

The man spoke correctly and wrote well, copying out clearly some MSS. I gave him. He took the few rupees I offered for his work, eagerly and with thanks; and it was pitiful to know from his words, that in the presence of his ill-luck he still had feeling for his loneliness. He got a little place at last, worth Rs. 45 or Rs. 50 a month, a miserable pittance for an European; and wrote a letter of hearty thanks for this,—was engaged all day in work, and so could not come himself.

Another man I remember, too, an old man and old soldier, seventy-two years of age. He was very deaf and very feeble; and, entering the office, approached me slowly and tremblingly, pursuing a devious course by the aid of chairs and tables. He had no friends in Bombay, but a gentleman in the army who had known him as a soldier had promised him work,—I wondered what work he was capable of doing?—if he could get

to Madras. He asked for help towards his railway-fare; had got two-thirds already.

Now I don't think these last two men were impostors. The one took, with hearty thanks, a place of hard work and low pay, and stuck to it; while the other was far too near his end to be a professional deceiver. I cannot imagine a position more wretched than that of these men. At a time of ill-luck nothing can be such a source of unhappiness as the consciousness of being in a strange country, in the midst of a strange race. It is the fashion, now-a-days, to discredit the misery and grievances of sentiment; but I believe nearly all men,—Scotchmen perhaps excepted,—if they knew how to speak truth of themselves, would confess that their happiness and misery is governed entirely by sentiment. Riches and poverty, plenty and starvation, healthy and enlarged livers are causes of happiness and misery: they give rise, though, only to feelings akin to bodily pleasure and pain, feelings which

begin and end with themselves. But kind or unkind words, chance meetings with noble or ignoble people and thoughts, consciousness of sympathy or want of sympathy with associates, have far wider effect. They don't affect yourself alone, they affect you and all nature, animate and inanimate; they affect you in your relation to all nature, animate and inanimate. You are conscious of being part of a great creation that is kind or noble or loving; or, on the other hand, unkind, ignoble or mercenary. The man who has made a bad speculation or is afflicted with liver, feels out of joint with the world; the world is right, is what it was; it is he that, to get in his place again, must regain his original position by making a good speculation or imbibing taraxacum. But he who has been betrayed by his friend for a lac, or thrown over by his mistress for a richer man, does feel,—illogical and weak though the feeling may be,—that his wrong is a general, not personal question. All the

world, for him, has grown for the time cruel and wicked; life, not only for himself, but for all, is a burden grievous to be borne.

And it is a terrible cause of unhappiness to all Englishmen here, being out of sympathy with the people in the midst of whom and in whose country they live. It is not that natives are barbarous and Europeans civilized. India has its own civilization, and though in many ways behind, is in many ways before Europe. It is that there is an absolute difference in tone of feeling, mode of life, direction of ambition which prevents complete sympathy. The Mahomedan wife will tell her husband she is old and past child-bearing, and that he should take another and young wife to bear him children and to tend her. No native can understand a game's being played simply for the love of winning, with no money staked on the event; but the merchant, who has amassed a fortune by gross speculation, retires easily from further transactions, and expends the greater

part of his winnings on works for the public good: the ryot or clerk on a small, very small, salary will mortgage his lands till he has incurred responsibility that his lifetime cannot wipe off, or borrow every pi he can get at 80 per cent., that he may spend all he can realize in making the marriage of his child, or marriages of his children if the first ceremony have not beggared him, gorgeous in display and lavish in gifts; and yet this man exists from year's end to year's end on fare as simple as that of St. John in the wilderness, and lives in a cupboard. It is the feeling of being out of sympathy with the people, not with the country, that drives Englishmen home. Many men will state, and truly, that they like India, its life and its climate, better than England; that they prefer being distinguished here among few, to being lost at home among many; that Bombay heat is better than London fog, and land winds more bearable than March winds. *But these*

men always go home the moment they can. No one ever dreams of following the example of the colonist in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada, and calling India his home; and ninety-nine men out of a hundred tell you that they are putting out all their powers to get rid of this infernal country as soon as possible.

If this feeling be general, as it doubtless is, how far more wretched must be the position of the loafer here than in Europe. I don't say he can analyze his unhappiness and trace it chiefly from this cause,—if men had such power, two-thirds of all misery could be at once got rid of,—but simply that his unhappiness is thereby increased, with no remedy except absence from the country.

From one end of India to the other, England is engaged on great works of education for the advantage of natives. But the low classes of Europeans and Eurasians, —even now forming no inconsiderable part of the population and their numbers in-

creasing every year,—are left in a shamefully-neglected state. The government of India only recognizes their existence in one way, and that is, by the penal laws it has made against them, when they fall to the condition of loafers.

But every rule has its exception, and there is an exception even to the rule that loafers are never left at peace by the police. There are two men in Bombay who seem perfect specimens of loafers, and yet they are suffered to wander about and sleep about at their will. One is a big fellow with the great body of a negro, the dark face of an Eurasian, and partially clothed with the clothes of an European. I think he must have something of the negro in him from the respect he shows to his hat. It is a chimney-pot hat, very old and battered and worn; but he always carries it on his head as though he were intensely proud of it, and even when sleeping he is careful to guard it. Sometimes in the morning I see him walking

towards my office, his ragged brown-black frock-coat and tattered trousers ready to flutter in the wind, if there were any, and always with one hand bent over his brown, bare chest. But, generally, I find him already reposing in his day's resting-place. This is the wide doorway of an empty godown—warehouse —where he lies at full length, sleeping or staring inanely at passers-by, Europeans in buggies and broughams, natives in turbans, and coolies carrying great creaking bales of goods on long poles, or, banded together, 50 or 60 or 100, pulling a huge boiler or monstrous tree, singing in loud regular chorus. But, sleeping or waking, his hat is in his hand, carefully preserved from possibility of harm. Day after day, week after week, month after month, have I seen this man stretched out on this doorway. Sometimes he is eating, but what, I don't know, for he keeps all food concealed in his shirt next to his skin; and, when biting, covers what he bites with both hands. The police

never attack him, seem never to notice his presence, as they pass lazily by. I despised the man in his sloth when I first came out, I envy him in his contentment now. In England it is the career of great men that we all have, at least, a sneaking desire to emulate; in Bombay we long but for leisure and non-anxiety. . . . I must break off for a moment, —there is so strange a scene from my windows now, as I write,—Sunday morning, ten o'clock. I look out from the height of four storeys, as always, on the roofs of the fort houses; to the right, as always, is the cathedral, with its tall square tower and big erratic clock; but to the left a new house has risen, as yet unclothed, a skeleton of bare brick-work. On the top storey, unroofed, open to the sky, not 100 yards from where I sit, stand twenty women—I state the exact number for the delight of Scotchmen—partially clad in red blue and yellow, each with one long cloth wrapped round her, expressing rather than concealing the form;

their bare brown limbs and bright dresses marked in sharp outline, against the pale hot blue sky. They are all lazily engaged in pressing down and flattening a floor of chunam, with long sticks in their hands, sticks so long and so light that no woman has need to bend her body or use two hands at once. And they lighten their light labour with continual song, the beat, beat, beat of the many sticks coming to me half-lost in a quaint, sad, monotonous chorus of voices, broken now and again, but for a time only, by a burst of hearty laughter.

The second of the two loafers that I have said are left to wander in peace, I feel great doubt about. Unless I am absolutely looking at the man, I cannot realize the fact of his existence; I should as soon expect to see, in Bombay, a man who had come out for the benefit of the natives, as such a man. Fancy an old fellow, a pure-blooded Englishman of sixty or seventy years, crooked and bent with age, his face wrinkled by time but

its colour strangely fresh, neither browned by the sun nor yellowed by liver; with a long white beard, and white hair straggling in lumps here and there over his shoulders; wearing two old, ribbonless, brimless wide-awakes stuck closely on his head; dressed, as far as sight can discriminate, in the rags of a pair of trousers, over them a pair of knickerbockers, a red shirt and a once white flannel shirt, the tails of a dress-coat, and a patched pea-jacket; and carrying, slung over one shoulder, a basket full of odds-and-ends, —bones, cotton refuse, wood, coal. The whole mass of rags looking so ragged and broken and diverse that each moment it must fall to pieces; but the old fellow's face looking so calm and peaceful that it is clear he knows by experience his coverings are in no such danger. I meet him frequently, but, though often intending, have never dared to speak to, or even give him money. He keeps always the narrow byeways, standing in the shadows; and, when any one approaches,

turns his face to the wall till the stranger has passed. Sometimes, after walking by, I have turned, and then he invariably looks at me with a mild, half-amused, half-sarcastic expression. He never asks for money. Natives I have seen give him a few pice, he taking the gift without thanks and with the gravity of a philosopher; but I have never seen an European even approach him. There is something mysterious about his existence. All English residents here, are, for the time, mere machines for the acquisition of wealth; but this old fellow forms a strange exception, —unless the laborious accumulation of bones and cotton-waste by means of a small basket does, in some incomprehensible way, lead to riches. There is such a strange unlikeness between him and all surroundings, people and things, and he is so persistent in clinging to shadows and deserted byeways, that a quaint idea sometimes comes over me that he is not real, and sticks to shade and solitude invariably, fearing that his appearance

in the glare of the sun, or even in busy life, would end his existence, and resolve him into primordial atoms. There can, I am afraid, be only one explanation of his presence here, if he is, in fact, a reality. He is not accumulating money; is neither a civilian nor army man; he has no visible means of subsistence except those of bones and cotton-waste, and he is left free to wander where he will. Then, if real, he must be of necessity an amiable lunatic.

SOME ANIMALS.

I FEEL I am almost guilty of injustice in not having noticed the praying mantis in the chapter on Society. She is frequently present at the best dinner-parties, and is invariably far more amusing than any of the regularly invited guests, so that when I see her stalking fantastically over the white cloth, I know at once I shall not be altogether miserable for the next two or three hours.

Take a thin, very thin, straight stick, at least two inches long, for a body; take six other equally-long straight sticks for legs, each stick-leg having the power of bending in its centre; take a seventh short piece of stick for a neck and attenuated head, and place therein two small shot for eyes, and give this neck and head the power of moving in every

stick-like and ridiculous manner conceivable. Join all together and colour the result a bright light green. Convey into this form of sticks the spirit of Mrs. Skewton, Major Bagstock's Cleopatra, and you have the praying mantis. I never believed in the transmigration of souls till I saw this creature; I never believed that Dickens's characters had been all drawn from life, till I was forced to acknowledge the fact that Mrs. Skewton exists even now in the form of the praying mantis. She enjoys dinner-parties where there is plenty of colour and light, now as much as ever. She stalks along the table slowly, raising her thin legs, wriggling her neck, and twisting in all directions her big dull eyes, with an affectation of grace and conscious belief in her own powers of fascination, comical in the extreme. When she finds she has attracted the attention of a sufficient audience she stops, raises her two front legs,—perhaps in deference to her former body I should call these arms,—

smooths down her head, and then after a short time given to experiments, falls upon some strange and wonderful attitude in which she fixes herself for five or ten minutes. There isn't the slightest doubt, that as she stands, fixed and motionless, she believes all are gazing on her lost in admiration. But these attitudes, backed up by her evident self-complacency, are at times so preposterous, and so ludicrously resemble those of Mrs. Skewton and her living sisters, that I have seen a whole table affected; most struck by the fun and laughing; a few hurt and offended by the painful likeness to humanity.

I supposed for a long time that there could be but one kind of praying mantis, but I have lately become acquainted with a second still more wonderful, if less interesting, than her relation. I met her first by the side of a ruined temple, which stood on the banks of a great weedy tank covered with wild fowl. Over the yellow grass in

the temple's shade the cloth was spread for tiffin, and we were brushing from its surface the leaves and fragments that sullied its whiteness. I had raised my hand to sweep away a piece of straw, when I saw it move. I was certain of the movement, and called the other men to look.

"Nonsense, it's a piece of stick," cried they, and turned away in contempt.

But one, wiser than the rest, said it was perhaps a praying mantis. All this time the straw was motionless. But soon it again began to move, stalking solemnly along. The other men crowded round and we watched her—we all assumed it was a female, perhaps from the tender yet dignified manner in which it moved its legs,—for a long time, as she proceeded slowly, now and again with long motionless pauses, over the white cloth towards the grass. In these long pauses she for the time became to all appearance naught but a piece of straw; or if there was any dissemblance, it was that she

looked *too* strawlike, as a picture may fail to be natural because too lifelike. The moment she left the white cloth and reached the yellow grass we lost her, hopelessly lost her; only of her own motion could she be distinguished, and she had good sense enough to remain then immoveable. How such a creature had origin it is impossible to imagine!

Possibly Prometheus, before his last great venture, made some experiments in little, and this mantis resulted from one of such experiments; he was, perhaps, trying his hand on some piece of straw chance sent him, succeeded in getting life into it, but failed to get the thing created beyond the threshold of a separate existence. Or, on Mr. Darwin's theory, this poor mantis may, through the line taken by its progenitors in their advance in life, have fallen on a state so exactly intermediate between the vegetable and animal, that it has never yet been able to determine which way to progress and so, through ages,

has preserved its original form, for there are records that the mantis is not a recent development of life.

I am not sure that there are more than one green praying mantis, and one strawlike praying mantis, though if there be I am sure they are all exactly alike. But the same is not true of lizards. Each lizard differs from his fellows in shape, size or colour, and each has a distinct individuality of his own. I first made the acquaintance of a lizard at Matheran, a hill-station I described above. He was a big bloated old fellow, and in some youthful lark or misfortune of age, had lost half his tail. His home was situated somewhere above the tattered linen ceiling of the bungalow we lived in, but he had a shooting-box that he much frequented behind the frame of a coloured print of the Derby Day, where he would lie in wait for hours, and from whence I used now and again to catch sight of his wrinkled head darting out swiftly in pursuit of flies or other

dainty fare. When the evening came, the lamps were lighted, and we sat down to dinner, he always left his retirement and appeared openly on the wall, gravely observing us as we ate. We always watched for his appearance, from the ceiling or the Derby Day, and that one of us who could first cry, "There's the lizard!" put on a little additional swagger for the rest of the meal, and ate with better appetite. But it was when dining alone that I best liked his company. I always felt that in fact it was my dinner he took an interest in, but of course it was useless to try and get the other men to acknowledge that. Alone, it was pleasant to feel there was some one taking a disinterested interest in my eating and drinking, an interest far purer and better in kind than that either of a good host, or a lodging-house keeper.

This lizard, I suppose, in virtue of his residence in the ceiling and country shooting-box, took, among his species, the position of a

freeholder of somewhat large property; and looked down with contempt on the vagabond lizards, though their colours might be bright and tails long.

Vagabond lizards live in hedges in countless numbers, and bask away their lives lazily on stones. I used at one time to think there was a large class of sentimental lizards in existence. Coming home at night, when the street lamps are lighted, every other pane of glass has a lizard on it, its funny little body and meandering tail pressing close against the surface, the lizard motionless, its eyes fixed on the light with all the unblinking fixedness of a lover on the eyes of his mistress. I felt that in this constancy there was a new opening for poets who had sung of the desire of the moth for the star, till, alas! I found the lizards were there, led by no sentimental reason, but by carnal desire for the flesh of moths and butterflies which are apt, it appears, in their desire for stars, to be deceived into following gas-lamps.

I should like to know whether all fables, based on the industriousness of ants, came from India. In England I never felt much struck by their peculiar energy; all mankind there was so apparently busy, and so engrossed in quick active labours, that the conduct of the ants did not seem peculiar. But out here, where man's life is drowsy and his movements lethargic, it is impossible to help being struck by the conduct of ants. There are black ants, and brown ants, and white ants; but with white ants I have nothing to do; they pursue their labour—generally that of eating bungalows—in secret, and all one knows of their existence is the occasional collapse of one's house. But black and brown ants can be watched at their work. They are as strong and as big as—one kind of black ant twenty times bigger than—those in England, and the speed and constancy and energy with which they carry on their operations in this awful climate is marvellous. They are always at work, transporting fragments

of sugar or bread or little sticks across the floor of the bungalow, up the walls, outside the walls, following one another in single file for a distance of twenty, thirty, or, out in the jungle, three hundred yards; or together in a crowd slowly toiling along, dragging an enormous beetle or moth. But I believe I have found out two things about ants which, in this nineteenth century of hard never-ending work for definite objects, are most delightful to know.

These ants, which work so hard and so unceasingly, disappear entirely for a great part of the year. Where do they go to? There cannot, I submit, be a reasonable doubt. They must retire to enjoy the fruits of their labour, not waiting like men-fools till they are sixty years old. They disappear underground or somewhere, no matter where so long as it is out of men's sight, and their reputation with us cannot be affected, to eat the delicacies they have collected, to rest and be thankful. But I fancy my second dis-

covery is more important. It is that though these patterns for human conduct always work so hard, they don't always work for a definite object. I found this out one day when I was tubbing,—that one hour, or even two hours, in the morning is delicious! In my bath-room there was a little dwarf wall of hard cement, about three feet in height, running out from the wall half across the room, and dividing off a part for the big wooden bath. One morning—a Sunday morning—I saw on the top of this wall a little brown ant carrying a very big stick, a stick five or ten times the size of itself. Sometimes the ant ran hard from one end of the wall to the other: sometimes it meandered slowly from side to side, while now and again it ventured a little way down perpendicularly towards the ground, but always clinging to the stick. For one hour and a half did this continue. Then, suddenly, as I watched, I saw the ant lay down the stick in the calmest manner, and start away quickly over the wall,

down the side, across the floor and vanish through a little hole. Now this ant evidently knew the way from the bath-room perfectly well, and could easily have carried the stick with him. It is clear then he did not want the stick, and in bestowing so much labour in carrying it about, had simply in view the obtaining of exercise. After this who shall abuse men for unremunerative labour? For rowing, climbing, hunting, gymnastics? If ants,—whose lives are held up to us as perfect standards for imitation, and whose labour is so enticing that the mere observation is proverbially declared sufficient to reclaim the sluggard,—if ants so act, why should not men?—rather, if ants so act, is it not incumbent on inferior men to follow their example? I have been idle for the last twenty years—though I have only just discovered it—on principle; on the principle carried out by those beings I have been taught to revere and imitate from my youth up. For more than a quarter of a century have I been troubled by

that proverb, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," not once during that time have I dared to go, but at last chance has led me and I have come back happy instead of wretched. Henceforth I know that intermittent idleness and unremunerative labour are more than pleasure, they are duties.

Ants come everywhere. To get at mixed biscuits they will climb the wall, cross the ceiling, and descend a long string to attack the box with the dainty fare hanging in the air to balk them; or they will even cross water, though they perish by hundreds, to reach food that they desire. Nothing is safe from them where even a pinhole is left for attack; but though we have therefore to take troublesome care to protect what we wish to preserve, this annoyance from the presence of ants is more than made up for by the perfect way in which they perform the duties of scavengers in little.

But at the burst of the monsoon in June is the time that strange insects in thousands

are seen. When the thunders and lightnings come down on us from Elephanta, and the black clouds which father them pour down in rain, then, myriads of flies, and beetles and moths, and creeping and crawling unnamed things, great and small, enter the bungalows, attack the bright lamps in crowds, and fall scorched or burnt over the floor, the verandah, on the chairs and tables; covering the white dinner cloth so thickly, that not one clear spot can be found large enough to hold a rupee. There are bright red flies with thin wings three times the length of their bodies, and heavy yellow flies with wings not the tenth part of the length of their bodies; and small, infinitely small, black flies, that darting here and there, seem as you look but motes in the eye; and flies all head, or all body, or all tail; and beetles bright brown and bronze and purple, tumbling about awkwardly, falling on their backs every second or third flight, and lying there spluttering and buzzing violently

in their attempts to get right-side uppermost again; and strange melancholy creatures of dull colour, with long sinuous bodies and many legs, moving very slowly and sadly, their many different but always melancholy appearances impossible to be described. And sometimes a horrible cockroach will come, running swiftly over the table or flying in grasshopper-fashion on to the floor; and sometimes, but seldom, a centipede appears, to be hunted instantly to death. It is at this time too, the burst of the monsoon, that frogs first are heard, their full deep croak, croak, croaking filling the air, coming apparently from every possible direction, as though frogs were in possession of all space. Where these frogs come from it is impossible to conceive. Before rain closest search of the dry, hard, dusty ground and rocky beds of waterless watercourses, will not discover one; but let a heavy fall of rain come, and suddenly they will team in hundreds, and their loud voices be heard on all sides.

I don't believe in snakes. Stories are common of marvellous escapes, but no stories can be found of Europeans being killed by them. One lady, seated in her drawing-room, sees a cobra slowly crawl from beneath her dress; another, in getting out of bed, treads on a forsa; or her husband, taking up what he thinks is a piece of string, finds he has seized a whip-snake by the tail. Stories like this abound; but, however great the danger of such contact may be, bites never seem to be received, and nothing but perhaps a fright is suffered. Of course, a bite from a cobra, forsa, or whip-snake causes almost certain death. But, whether because these serpents are extremely mild in disposition, or because Englishmen wholesomely fear and so avoid them, it is a fact that only two or three cases at most are known, where Europeans in this country have died from snake-bite.

RELIGION.

I AM afraid the English out here have not much religion. Whether it be that the fear of hell is a powerful inducement to the observance of religious exercises, and that we, from the nature of the climate, are not under the influence of such an inducement; or whether it be that in India a character for religion does not pay, I know not. But, without doubt, our attendance at church is thin and irregular, and varies with the weather; while confessions of heretical religious opinions, or heretical want of religious opinions, are common, received without surprise, and lead to no social ostracism.

Perhaps this absence of display in religion shows honesty on our parts, or, at the least,

as we don't attempt to live according to the spirit of the New Testament any more than Englishmen in England, there is consistency in our not paying much regard to outward form. But possibly it would be better for our position in this country—of course I speak from a political, not religious, point of view—if we were more careful to keep up the externals of Christianity. Natives have a prejudice in favour of religion, and, unfortunately, their commonest definition of an Englishman is a man without religion. Missionaries, too, find it difficult to persuade Brahmans or Mohammedans of the superiority of Christianity over all other religions, when they can only point out among Europeans a rare man, here and there, as a follower of Christ. A shrewd native cannot understand a man's having belief and yet making no visible sacrifice for it. Chintamon, who willingly expends two-thirds of all he possesses on his father's funeral obsequies; Badrudin, who sacrifices two years of his

life for a journey to Mecca; or Nouroji, who says twenty prayers and makes one hundred genuflexions each day, cannot understand how John Smith should be deterred from his Sunday's worship by a heavy fall of rain,—an obstacle that never prevents John Smith's presence, day by day, in his office. And there are other difficulties in the way of proselytizing.

My munshi, a Mohammedan, gave us one morning a long account of what he believed, and what religious observances he had to follow. Then turning to Jones, he said,—

"And you Christian?"

"Yes; Protestant," replied J. complacently.

"And what you do?" asked the munshi.

J. puffed his pipe for a short time, and then said emphatically, "None of your d——d cheek!"

The munshi smiled, as is the way of munshis, whatever answer is given them, but he asked no more.

Jones's answer struck me as the best, under the circumstances, he could give, but I felt it was somewhat unsatisfactory. So when the munshi next came, I turned the conversation to the same subject.

"And how you explain the Trinity? we got no Trinity, nothing to understand," began the munshi.

This was not a healthy beginning; and I felt, at the moment, the munshi had taken an unfair advantage; and I should have liked to repeat to him Jones's answer of the morning before. But I was estopped by my conduct from doing that. So I tried to explain, and ignominiously failing, referred my questioner to faith; and, on his unkindly asking what that was, I told him no one could understand except those who had it. This silenced him for a time; but, as he rose to go, he said,—

"And all Christians got what you call faith?"

To this I had no suitable reply ready,

and so gave him salaam gravely. And he went, but with a grin on his face for which —as a Christian—I should have liked to kick him.

But what has prevented, and I think must always prevent, Christian missionaries from succeeding in India, is the essential difference between the religions of India and that of Christianity; Christianity is based on sentiment and feeling, but Brahmanism is almost purely intellectual, while Mohammedanism is nothing but a code of morality with vivid descriptions of a future of sensual happiness and misery. That which appeals to followers of Christianity most strongly, the character of Christ, does not touch natives at all. Or if they admire the life of Jesus and His teaching, they cannot, from their constitution, give that active belief which He asks. There is too much life and vigour in Christianity, too much demand for energetic action on the part of believers, and too many difficulties suggested, which each individual must settle

personally, for the passive natives of this hot enervating climate ever to accept such a religion. Christianity is not suited for the tropics.

But if India is to be Christianized it will be, I think, by the Roman Catholic, not Protestant faith. Roman Catholics out here certainly take greater and more personal interest in their religion than Protestants. Their action is that of one common religious body acting in one common direction, and not that of innumerable sects acting not only not together, but sometimes even against one another. Baptists, Wesleyans, Church of England, and Presbyterian missionaries are scattered over this country, and of course there must be competition between these different bodies to excel in the number of converts gained. From this the Roman Catholic Church draws a great advantage, and one easily accounted for. Natives look on Roman priests as servants of one fixed religion; they may have an exceptionally high opinion of the character of

some particular priest, but as there is nothing exceptional in the doctrine and morality he preaches, the benefit of this goes to his religion, and that is raised in their eyes. The Protestant Church, on the other hand, allows such wide differences of opinion, that scarcely two of its ministers can be found who preach the same doctrine and morality, from Father Smith, the Ritualist, in his sack and knotted rope, to Mr. Jones, with his light, secular hymn tunes. The natives have no idea of Protestantism being one fixed religion. It seems to them to consist rather of an infinite number, each defined by the particular views of the particular preacher. The consequence is that natives refuse to be converted, feeling a not unnatural repugnance to giving up the religion of their ancestors for the last 2000 or 3000 years, for the particular religion of Father Smith, or Mr. Jones. There is one feature too in the method often used for disseminating Protestantism which is intensely objectionable to natives, Mohammedans

especially. They don't like to see religion hawked about the streets; it seems sacrilege to them, or rather would if they accepted the religion, to see a seedy European, or possibly native, standing at the corner of a road, with a tattered book in his hand from which he shouts out divine commands, advice, and promise. There is a vulgarity and want of reverence about open-air preaching which induces contempt for the preacher and his doctrine in the minds of the people of this country who differ essentially in character from the masses in England; and while wanting the vigour and uprightness of mind of the English, have not, also, that coarseness of feeling common to the English lower classes.

And the gorgeous ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church attracts natives while the cold forms of Protestantism repel them; the adoration, too, of saints through their images, recognized by the former, makes its worship less strange to Hindoos than that of the latter.

But, though Protestantism is broken up into so many sects, and there is competition in getting converts between those represented here by missionaries, it is but fair to notice that strife is carried on with extreme friendliness. Meetings are frequently held at which missionaries, representatives from all the different forms of Protestantism, are in attendance to talk over common measures, not for the advantage of any one particular sect, but for the propagation of the Christian religion throughout India. And the vastness of the country makes the broken state of Protestantism less apparent. For these missionaries arrange one with another that each shall take a certain district and stick to it, so that each may pursue his labour in peace. Only in the Presidency towns can missionaries clash one with another.

Even those who look most hopefully on the chances of the religious conversion of India, seem to be very moderate in their expectations; for the most favourable prophecy made, is,

that in the year 1900, there will be 1,000,000 of native Christians throughout this country — of, then, probably 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 of inhabitants.

DEATH.

DEATH is not a fixed quantity. It is of much less worth here than at home. Its value varies directly with the value of life, and life in Bombay is not particularly valuable. Few men would refuse a good appointment on the score that it obliged them to live in an unhealthy place. We all know we have sacrificed part of our lives of our own free will for money or position, so cannot look on the last involuntary loss of all with great dread. The hot glare of the sun and constant heat, in some way or another, destroy the mystery of life and lead one to look on death as the end of all things. Each weekly steamer again takes home some friend or acquaintance sick and worn out by

the climate; death itself is not uncommon, and thus familiarity breeds contempt.

And yet the customs of natives on death never fail to affect one with a certain feeling of strangeness and awe, or perhaps, after long residence, with anger or disgust. The wide road that runs round Back Bay, leading from Colaba to Malabar Hill, is bounded on one side, for some 200 yards, by a high stone wall. Riding past in the morning you can see through the open doors in this wall,—each door with a notice over it in English, Hindostani, and Gujerati, that none but Hindoos may enter,—a great open space covered with long stone graves, great stacks of wood, and here and there smaller isolated stacks. Riding past in the evening you see heavy clouds of smoke rising above the wall and flames darting up; and sometimes the wind beats down the smoke into the road and your nostrils are filled with a noisome clammy smell that remains long after the smoke is passed. This is the

general place of burning for Hindoos. It is uncomfortable to think this smell which sticks to you, is the smell of a man's dead body burning; if you have not been out long you feel uneasy at having death brought so near. But the chances are some friend is with you who has passed through the smoke often enough to get purged of all feeling but disgust,—"Burnt man, by Jove!" "How those dead Hindoos do stink!" or some such expression he probably uses, and you look forward with noble longing for the time when you will consider such subjects with his calm philosophy.

Driving through the native town your buggy is often stopped by a rough crowd blocking up the road, slowly meandering along the street. In their midst is a long board carried on the shoulders of four men and on the board, loosely attached and swaying about with the carriers' movements, a corpse, with its face exposed horribly daubed with red, the body, apparently stomachless,

covered with a dirty white cloth, and daubs of red from the feet to the head, a chain of white flowers here and there, their heavy, sweet odour impregnating all the air.

"Hi! hi! look out, you body wallah! Hi! hi! out of the way, you body wallahs," shouts your coachman, and the path for your buggy is clear and the procession past.

Now, seeing such a sight as this, and smelling such a smell, once, may not have much effect, but when seen and smelt for years, at all possible times, the result is certain and death becomes a thing of contempt for ourselves and others.

There is more mystery about the death of Parsees than of Hindoos, and for this reason I cannot shake out of myself the idea that it is more reasonable to believe they have a future life than natives. Up on the highest part of Malabar Hill, approaching from Back Bay, you can see five or six glaringly white towers, low and round, with small cupolas, glaringly white, rising in each centre. All

round these towers, for a considerable distance, no bungalows are to be seen, and the ground is left in its original rough, broken, rocky state; with only a palm-tree rising up, straight and tall, here and there. You can walk up Malabar Hill and get up to the glaringly white towers and walk round them. When there, you see, squatting in vast numbers on walls, bloated, fat, scurvy vultures, resting gorged with eating. Now and again one will rise up on the wing heavily, and with the heavy noise of the flapping of a sail caught back by the wind, and will drop heavily down on the inside of the tower. Long lines of Parsees, dressed entirely in white, bring their dead to these towers and lay them within, on raised open gratings, and here the vultures come and eat and grow fat and bloated. No European may enter these towers.

Even the awful suddenness with which death comes in this hot place affects one but little. A man, young and strong, with brilliant expectations, married but a few months, is seized

with illness and dies. In England we should mourn for him and his wife; in sympathy we should feel, for a time at least, that part of the happiness of our own lives had been taken. But in Bombay? We mourn,—in a way, but each man must take his chance; some must fall; we are all here with full knowledge of increased risk—the Insurance offices tell us of that; and,—there is an opening made for one of us to take advantage of.

"There's another great thing in a man's favour in India," said a shrewd friend to me, when I first thought of coming out, "the changes are more rapid than in England. Half the men who come can't stand the climate and kick or go home; and those who stand it must take six months or so every five years."

All natives are without fear of death or have only a weak puerile fear. I remember in England seeing a man tried for the murder of his wife. It was terrible to look at him. His countenance was drawn and twitching

painfully, and his hands were constantly in motion, pressed tightly together, moving tremulously, and yet with hard movement, one over the other; and when evidence was given of the finding of the dead body of his wife, and the wounds slowly and definitely described, his face burst out in perspiration, and it was sickening to notice the man's nervous fear breaking and showing itself through his efforts at calmness. But a native of India tried for murder stands, through the whole proceedings, with a fixed imperturbable face. Crimes of meanness and cowardice almost inconceivable are committed. Children are killed for the sake of their ornaments, worth often less than Rs. 20; mistresses are killed by their paramours, because age has made them a source of expense instead of profit, and murder is deliberately used to prevent the detection of the most paltry of thefts. But let a native have committed the most atrocious murder conceivable, and when tried he will be calm and unmoved. He is

[redacted] his life to save yours, and I feel sure
[redacted] the simple law, "a life for a life," were
[redacted] introduced into India, murders might
[redacted] pounded in the same way. The plea-
[redacted] nd pains of life; the dignities and
[redacted] ntal grievances; trades unions, strikes,
[redacted] s and frosts; big scores at cricket,
[redacted] at the ale-house, and magistrates'
[redacted] e, which now, in England, form part
[redacted] lives even of agricultural labourers,
[redacted] ting here, can never be. Civil rebel-
[redacted] a thing unknown. Famines come and
[redacted] a murmur the people die or borrow
[redacted] eans on the security of their land, till
[redacted] yment of interest would be, to a man
[redacted] feeling, an intolerable burden; but
[redacted] ve not sufficient energy, not sufficient
[redacted] in the possibility of a happier life to try
[redacted] nd their ills by violent means. And
[redacted] ive on, sowing rice in its season, and
[redacted] g and eating, and on festivals enjoying
[redacted] lves with the beating of tomtoms, and
[redacted] tonous singing and dancing of boys and

girls, and the sun glares down for ever and ever and dries up energy and withers brain. What is such a life worth? Rs. 100? Rs. 50? At home I have horrified myself by reading of men who for ten, twenty, and thirty years had kept in one place, in one position, till their joints had become fixed and their nails had grown through their clenched hands; I used to dream of these men and wake up full of horror, disgust, and pity at their appearance. I have seen here one of such men, with his arm raised in the air, fixed and withered by time; strong thick nails growing through the backs of his hands. I have looked on at men playing cricket within fifty yards of this man and felt nothing strange in the contrast. I have felt at the sight secretly anything but contempt; a little pity, perhaps, but very little, and horror none. At home I had felt pity and horror, because deducing from home experience what the man had lost. On the spot I knew he had lost but little; had but changed one existence of monotony

for a second scarcely worse. Is the Chinaman who sells his life for twenty dollars, the Hindoo who falls beneath the car of Juggannath, or his widow who consents to be burned alive, braver than the European who prizes his life above everything, even honour? Is not the sacrifice made so cheaply, because that sacrificed is of little value?

This fact, too, of the low value of life deeply affects Europeans in their lives and doings. We can consider nothing with the same seriousness as at home,—except that one thing, the accumulation of money, which can alone rescue us from this country. Marriage is entered on with but little reflection. There are, every season, a known number of men wanting wives, and there are, every season, a known number of girls wanting husbands, and the girls most admired get married first. It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear a man discussing with half a dozen friends the question whether he shall marry here or go home and fetch a wife

from England; and his decision may very likely be determined by the opinion his friends give as to the girls at present in this market. Very many, possibly a majority, of marriages are between girls of seventeen or eighteen, and men of forty or fifty; and bitter speeches are made by pretty but poor young bachelors, on the mercenary spirit thus shown. But I think this is unfair. Too many girls have come out lately and over-stocked the market for marriage, and if they were all to indulge in sentiment and wait for young husbands, very many would have to return home in a few years, withered and colourless and husbandless. It is an admirable thing, and brings tears of sympathy into our eyes when the heroine—in a novel—rejects wealth and position, and accepts the dreary life of an old maid because she will not marry a man of sixty, and still cherishes fondly the memory of the hero—aged twenty-two; but in real life such a girl would be called a fool.

Again, all men here, while as honourable as

men at home, have not the same sensitiveness about honour. I do not refer to that awful time in the years 1866, 1867, when the outbreak of the American war had caused cotton to double in value, and so gorged Bombay for the time with money; when speculation had stifled all feeling and desire but the greed of wealth; when every business transaction was considered simply on the ground "Would it pay?" when Europeans licked the shoes of Parsees and prayed, even through their own wives, for shares in every new bubble that rose; when every day great fortunes were made and lost, and great fortunes lost and regained. That time would be no fair criterion for determining the measure of European morality here. It is but a memory now. Here is a man pointed out to you who then lost ten lacs; but by a clever arrangement with his creditors—shrewd fellow!—managed to get rid of the debt and remain a rich man. There is another man pointed out to you who was terribly hit at that time—seven years ago—

and who, with a large income, has not even yet recovered the blow, and lives like a clerk on Rs. 150 a month,—"Wouldn't compromise, paying off in full," your friend tells you, and let us trust when so told your eyes are not quite clear. But to-day, when things have returned to their normal state, there is a general dislike to considering or determining on questionable transactions or to fixing a man with what is dishonourable. An attempt was made a short time ago to get up a new company. One of the newspapers here published a letter received by the editor from the promoter. The letter in direct terms asked the editor to write in favour of the scheme, and in a postscript said that on the allotment of shares, a certain number, fully paid up, should be presented by the promoter to the editor. When the letter appeared every one appreciated the joke of its being made public, and every one recognized the fact that the company was thereby knocked on the head; but, though I am sure every one

had the same opinion as to the conduct of the promoter, none or very few expressed that opinion openly.

The same laxity is seen in the bestowal of Government appointments. In England, though Lord Chancellors and Premiers may occasionally bestow lucrative places on those whose only qualifications are that they are relations or friends, still this is always done with a certain amount of shamefacedness, and the public through its daily papers invariably clamours loudly. But here it is taken as a matter of course, and is a matter of course that appointments should be filled by men through influence. In the civil service, the manner of entrance and the vast responsibility resting on those who fill the higher posts must eventually lead to promotion being entirely by merit, but at present there is no doubt personal influence is one of the most useful possessions a civilian can have.

Thus in our shortened lives, ambition, desire of wealth and future ease are strong

and great, and the qualities of brain that best satisfy them in full work; while the unremunerative virtues rest idle and unemployed. But when death approaches there is an exception; the friendless bachelor stricken down by sickness is carried away by some lady to her own house, and there nursed and tended; the married woman who flirts with every man she meets, tall and short, ugly and handsome, who is accustomed to recognize her husband only so far as the fact of his existence is convenient, as giving her fuller liberty in her intercourse with his sex, turns into a self-sacrificing attentive nurse the moment her husband falls ill, and forgets even care of her beauty in striving for his life. In no other country can I believe the conduct of English women in the presence of death to be more admirable. Perhaps the triviality of their ordinary life here, instead of destroying, does but repress sympathy and pity for distress and pain; so that such feelings are strength-

ened rather than weakened; perhaps there is more sympathy between us all, as residents in a land far from home; perhaps only from the greater publicity of our lives does this conduct of women seem more admirable than in England. Many a man owes his life to the care of strangers, and many a wife has gained her first chance of showing affection to the attack of death on her husband.

THE END.

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